

LADY MARJORY ST. JUST.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS the only child of Lord St. Just, an impoverished nobleman, whose income barely sufficed to keep up an appearance suitable to his rank. I saw scarcely any change in my father's aspect from the time when I can first remember him: his scattered hairs were gray, and his tall attenuated form was bent; but there were no strong indications of decay, which nevertheless gradually went on, and in the same ratio as the young sapling shot upwards. The parent trunk had been bared of all its other glories, and was ready for the woodman's axe. I was an infant, they told me, when my mother "went to heaven;" the sole survivor of a numerous family, all of whom had died in childhood before I was born—born, alas! not to bless and solace that gentle mother, whose loving eyes closed forever almost as soon as she heard my first faint cry. While, from repeated bereavements, my father tremblingly clasped me to his bosom, dreading to place his hopes on the delicate baby, yet, in spite of his fears, he felt for me a redoubled tenderness as the last precious bequest of an adored wife. I was brought up under the care and management of Fibsey, the faithful nurse who had tended and mourned over all the departed little St. Justs; and when I attained the age of eight years a governess was provided, who roused much jealousy in old Fibsey's kind, foolish heart by speedily winning a large portion of those affections which I had hitherto divided among my father, herself, and the sweets of nature at Edenside.

Mrs. Edmondstone was a widow lady, pale, mild, and middle-aged, with an only son, who was completing a college education, and intended for the service of the church. Basil Edmondstone sometimes came to see his mother, but he was not a favorite of mine: he was a serious youth, and did not fondle and coax me, as my Uncle Mertoun did, nor would he call me "Countess May;" and yet he had gentle, pleasant ways too with a child. This uncle was my mother's brother, the Earl of Mertoun, and I had ever been taught to consider myself his heiress: he was a bachelor, well advanced in years, and there seemed every probability that I must eventually succeed to the earldom, which is one of the few in this country that are exempted from the Salic law. He always designated me his "pretty Countess May," and I well understood that it was a title of distinction, and to be coveted, and I was proud and vain as a peacock. My father's estates were strictly entailed on male issue, and in default of such, descended to a distant branch. Very rarely Uncle Mertoun visited Edenside, but when he did, it was a gala-day with me; and I watched, in a state of the utmost excitement, the approach of his equipage as the four splendid bays slackened pace up the slopes and defiles. And well I might, for he never came empty-handed, showering beautiful and expensive gifts upon me, to say nothing of the welcome music he whispered

in my ears, ringing the changes in every variety on the theme of my future glories!

My father lived much in his library, and I was but seldom with him: sorrow and disappointment had rendered him unsociable and nervous, and whenever he took me in his arms, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Yet never a day passed without a bestowal of the fervent benediction—"God bless and keep thee, my darling!" Mrs. Edmondstone, my governess, erred on the side of over-indulgence: she was one of those worthy matrons who look leniently on the vanities and follies of the young—saying "that troubles come soon enough, and 't were pity to break the spirit which must bend of its own accord by and by." And had it been otherwise, Fibsey would have turned restive. I was the lamb saved out of a fine flock, and I must be left free to roam amid the green pastures and still waters, gathering health and vigor from every breeze that blew.

Beautiful Edenside! and quaint, beautiful old Fibsey! Surely never child or lamb had such lovely pastures to disport in, or listened to such marvellous antique songs and fables as delighted my childish ear! Then it was so charming to retail them to Uncle Mertoun, for he was in all respects like an overgrown schoolboy, and an attentive listener to the saucy prattle of "Countess May." I told him that angels flew over the house at night, showering down bright dreams from their starry perfumed wings, and that good people caught them as they fell. I told him that the shooting-stars were heavenly messengers, speeding on their flights of love and glory; and that the innumerable spirits sleeping among the leaves of the aspen-tree caused it to shiver. I took him to see the fairy rings, and the charmed well of Edenside; the well on whose clear surface was mirrored, once a year, the future of those who gazed with implicit faith! For my own part I had begun to study the "Arabian Nights," and I confided to my uncle that I had but one wish in the world, and that was to be Queen Zobeide, to live in the enchanted palace of the good Haroun Alraschid! "Nay, nay, Marjory St. Just," he answered with a giggle of delight; "you would n't like your husband to have other wives, I suspect—better be 'Countess May' at home."

This ancestral home of mine was neither a castle nor an abbey, but there was a dry moat, on whose sloping emerald sides clustering flowers shed perfume and radiance; while, at one end of the vaulted entrance-hall, an oriel window of elaborate tracery and brilliantly-stained glass threw a dim mysterious light on the tessellated pavement, suggesting a conjecture of ecclesiastical origin. The dwelling stood on a hill-side, and we commanded a fine range of diversified scenery from the windows of our sunny parlor—half nursery, half school-room, and at length half boudoir; for at Edenside there were no appointments of modern luxury—faded hangings and antique furniture alone were to be found throughout the bare and deserted apartments. Yet the spot well deserved its name of Edenside, for dark waving woods, shining waters, hill and valley, frowning granite crags, and patches

of the loveliest greensward, met the eye everywhere, in apparently wild confusion, but confusion of a picturesque and enchanting description. The low massive building itself, with ivied buttress and rambling additions, all gray and crumbling nevertheless, seemed as if it grew out of the acclivity whereon it spread; and at evening fall even the gray rocks and gray lichens, sombre walls fantastically festooned, and recesses wherein owls and bats disported, presented no sad aspect to my imagination. For did I not know where periwinkles crept abundantly among the crevices, and where early violets hid! where hyacinths bloomed, whose faint, delicious odors haunt me now! to say nothing—Oh! nothing—of acknowledged garden houris, roses and lilies, and their sister bands of cultivated beauties!

"When I am a great lady, Fibsey," said I confidentially, "I shall wish for one thing above all others—and that is for continual sunshine."

"And where would the verdure and flowers be, my dear," suggested Mrs. Edmondstone, "if you banish clouds and rain!"

"Ah, I never thought of that; but I do so love sunshine!"

"There is a sunshine *within*, Lady Marjory," responded my governess, "which money cannot purchase; and as you grow older and wiser, I hope you will understand and realize the fact."

I pondered over these words, and talked much to Fibsey about "sunshine within;" and when Uncle Mertoun came to Edenside, I mentioned the matter to him: he laughed, and said "that Mrs. Edmondstone was a very worthy woman, but that in a few years hence the dazzling scenes of life would cause me to forget her prosy talk." I pondered over these words also, and came to the sage conclusion, that in those unknown regions beyond the tall tree-tops were the dazzling scenes alluded to, far more to be desired for the future than the flowers, and birds, and solitude of Edenside. From that time forth, by slow and imperceptible degrees, my thoughts all centred in anticipations of shadowy glories to come. I did not think of my uncle's death without weeping, for he had ministered to my childish vanities and pleasures as no one else had done, and I loved him dearly; but more than once I asked Fibsey how long he was likely to live, because I could not wear the diamond coronet which Earl Mertoun said was laid up for me until he had gone to heaven, where all my little brothers and sisters and my dear mamma awaited him. Basil Edmondstone overhearing such a query, called me to his side, and bade me remember that I might be summoned from this world even before my uncle; with impressive seriousness he added somewhat concerning an immortal crown alone worth coveting. This made me very low-spirited, and Basil's dark eyes seemed to haunt me with a look of reproach whenever I was proud or vain; I knew that he was good and gifted, for I had heard Uncle Mertoun say so, therefore I could not disregard his words. But Fibsey was angry, and declared "she would not have Lady Marjory frightened and moped: such gloomy talk was enough to kill a child; and parsons ought to keep their preachments to their pulpits."

Mrs. Edmondstone was no match for Fibsey, and to Fibsey I always resorted for consolation and sympathy—the burthen of her song ever being, "Never mind, dearie; never mind; you'll be Countess May yet, and wear your diamond coronet, and make sunshine round wherever you go,

spite of all the governesses and parsons in the world."

Thus it was, without being exactly discontented, I learned to regard the future with hope, as holding forth prospects of happiness, which, however, assumed no tangible form, but seemed to embody everything that was pleasant and delightful. I knew what poverty meant, comparatively of course; for Lord St. Just had acquired the bitter lesson, and had not been able to conceal it entirely from his daughter. But it never occurred to me that my Uncle Mertoun, who was so free and generous, might have extended a helping hand toward my father; perhaps Lord St. Just would not have accepted it, preferring self-denial and independence. At any rate, I had not then discerned the truth, and I did not think my uncle selfish and silly. If my father did so, he kept his opinion to himself: he was a reserved, silent man; his voice was low and sad, and his gait slow; and when he used to saunter down the hill towards the valley and the streams, it was with difficulty he could ascend it again. My heart often sank as I gazed on his bent form, and at those times I wished for Basil Edmondstone to discourse concerning the better land, a topic which my father loved to dwell upon; but Basil had gone abroad as tutor to young Lord Morley; and our retirement was unbroken, for Uncle Mertoun's visits became less frequent than formerly, and at length ceased altogether.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD attained my eighteenth year when Mrs. Edmondstone left us to reside with her son, who had been presented to the living of Barley Wood by his pupil, Lord Morley; and, to my great joy, it was only distant about ten miles from Edenside. Basil had resided with us for some weeks at my father's urgent request, for his grief nearly equalled mine at the idea of parting with Mrs. Edmondstone; and he desired to retain her beneath our roof as long as possible, until every arrangement was completed, and no further excuse for delay presented itself.

Lord Morley's mother, a lady of well-known philanthropy, wrote to my father, recommending as the successor of Mrs. Edmondstone a young lady, who had filled the situation of companion to her daughter, in consequence of whose marriage, which had just taken place, the candidate, Mrs. Danton, was desirous of finding another congenial home. Lady Morley spoke of her in the highest terms, assuring my father that she considered Mrs. Danton a desirable addition to the family circle in all respects; and that her age would probably render her a pleasanter companion for me than even the worthy, sedate Mrs. Edmondstone. Mrs. Danton was of Spanish origin, but the widow of an English officer; "her Hidalgo blood," added Lady Morley, "only infusing into her the proper and laudable pride of wishing to be independent of her father's family." My father entertained a profound respect for Lady Morley's opinion, and he was accordingly strongly prepossessed in favor of Mrs. Danton, and eager to secure her services. When Basil Edmondstone heard this arrangement canvassed—and Lord St. Just gave him Lady Morley's letter to read—he appeared strangely confused and startled; his manner, coupled with words he let fall, causing my father to ask him if he was acquainted with Mrs. Danton, and what opinion he had formed of her.

Basil Edmondstone's manner was at all times so perfectly self-possessed, and yet courteous and gentle, that when he exhibited this unwonted perturbation he naturally became curious in proportion to ascertain the cause. But he seemed to find speech difficult, and hesitatingly said, "I scarcely know how to answer you candidly, Lord St. Just; for it is a grave thing to withhold or give an opinion of one about to become domesticated in your family, and the intimate companion of Lady Marjory."

"It is for that reason, Mr. Edmondstone," replied my father, "that I desire to know the result of any observations you may have made on Mrs. Danton's disposition, character, and demeanor in general. On Lady Morley's judgment I have implicit reliance so far as it goes; but I am aware that her ladyship's public avocations and charities prevent her attending so much to her private duties as perhaps might be desirable—while her daughter, lately married, was one of the gayest beauties who figured in the fashionable world. That of course is not against Mrs. Danton, as no doubt she used all her influence for good."

"I only saw Mrs. Danton," replied Basil Edmondstone, "in the retirement of Lady Morley's country-seat; and I certainly am surprised, from what I saw of her at that time, that she should voluntarily seek permanent seclusion; but perhaps she is not aware that her routine of life at Edenside would be one of privacy and simplicity?" Basil added with a hopeful look.

"Yes; Mrs. Danton is fully aware of all particulars," replied my father; "but do you infer that such a mode of life might be distasteful to her—and for what reason?"

"My judgment would have led me to form this supposition," answered Basil; "but my reasons for doing so are more difficult to define. A very delicate pencil is required to paint a fair lady's faults, if faults there be"—Again he hesitated, colored, and became painfully confused. "But may I be understood to depict a certain degree of restlessness—a need of the stimulus of excitement, which I thought characterized Mrs. Danton, and led me to conclude that solitude might prove irksome. She is a highly-accomplished lady, and I have no doubt, an agreeable companion."

"But Basil, my dear," broke in Mrs. Edmondstone, "is she amiable and affectionate? You have not told us that?"

"I had no opportunity of judging, mother," replied the son, as he added, with a smile, "these are close questions, and hardly fair, I think, to discuss." And so the subject dropped, my dear father evidently pondering on what had passed, but coming to a pleasant conclusion in the end; for, said he to me, "Mrs. Danton is very anxious to come; and as she knows our mode of life, Marjory, my child—for Lady Morley has concealed nothing from her—we must naturally infer that, even if the opinion our good Basil formed of the lady was a correct one formerly, she has now changed her tastes, and become reconciled to a quiet life—such as is held out for her acceptance at Edenside."

But when, eventually, my father told Basil that everything was settled, and that Mrs. Danton was to be an inmate of our dear home, I could see a shadow of uneasiness pass athwart Mr. Edmondstone's speaking countenance, which betokened a mind disturbed; and this impression communicated itself to me, for I had learned unconsciously to

treasure and venerate all Basil's opinions, and to look up to him as my best authority on all points.

Not that I willingly allowed him to suppose such was the case, for I strenuously endeavored to impress him with ideas of my own vast importance, and my great future expectations—vainly endeavored, because whatever airs or impertinences I indulged in, they fell back on myself with redoubled force. For there was in Basil Edmondstone a certain grave self-respect, (he never forgot his sacred office,) tempered, indeed, with affability, which made me feel contemptible in my own esteem when displaying these vagaries before him; he was my superior in all respects, for I knew that, in virtue of his high calling, he claimed more than an equality as to temporal rank, and that he held mere temporal wealth but as means to an end—regarding men as stewards, hereafter to give an account of their stewardship. In short, there was no patronizing Basil Edmondstone. I talked to him about my earldom in prospective, and he looked grave; I joked about hope deferred, and he gently rebuked me; I pouted, and tried to quarrel with him, but I read an indefinable *something* in the sad expression of his eyes—beautiful eyes they were!—which made me unable to continue my folly, and brought tears to my own, and blushes to my cheek. Then, angry with myself, that I—the future Countess of Mertoun—should stand abashed before *him*, I adopted an unbecoming hauteur—equally futile and useless, for Basil was imperturbably polite, kind and considerate.

"I wonder if Mrs. Danton is handsome?" I found myself inwardly saying over and over again. And from wondering if Mrs. Danton was handsome, and hoping that she was *not*, I gained imperceptibly a knowledge of my own heart; and read there, alas! a page full of love and jealousy. Yet pride was stronger; and I determined to blot it out, and to remember how far apart Basil Edmondstone and I were in worldly condition. He never forgot it; of that fact I felt well assured, so far as worldly observances went.

There was an indescribable blank at Edenside when Mrs. Edmondstone and her son had departed. There was sunshine without—the child's wishes were realized; but round the woman's path shadowy clouds were gathering, which already faintly obscured the sunshine within.

CHAPTER III.

COULD it be possible that the presence of one individual had wrought such a change in the aspect of all things? or was it that I viewed them through a different medium, while the circumstances themselves remained unchanged?

Mrs. Danton was singularly beautiful; and yet I felt no jealousy now, for she spoke carelessly of Basil Edmondstone, called him a poor parson, and when I extolled him, and took his part with heightened color and flashing eyes, she smiled and said that I was a "true champion for the absent." I could not feel angry with her, for she captivated and enthralled me. Her extreme sweetness and gentleness of voice and manner, varied accomplishments, and constant flow of spirits, might have accounted for this captivation on my part, for I had never seen any one like her before. But it was not even these attractions which enchained me so completely; it was that Mrs. Danton identified herself with my hopes and wishes, and that, in an incredibly short space of time, I had intrusted her with all my secret and cherished aspirations: one

subject alone excepted, but that I scarcely whispered to myself. Yet what secret escaped her scrutiny!—though she appeared to exercise no penetration, indulge no curiosity, her peculiar softness of demeanor, bordering on indolence, being redeemed only by a dash of wild playfulness, tender and winning as the pretty ways of some brilliantly-plumaged, delicate pet bird! Perfectly happy and contented with her lot she apparently was; describing the scenes in which she had mingled with graphic force, and picturing the gay world in such exciting and fairy-like colors, that I wondered she was resigned to quit it. She told me that I was formed to enjoy these delights, and to reign a star of the first magnitude, hinting that it was sad to see my youth buried in solitude; by slow and imperceptible degrees leading me to speak of my uncle's death as the only prospect of ultimate release.

I moved about in a sort of whirl or trance. In sleep I heard sounds of joyous music, and beheld lighted festal halls, wherein crowds of noble cavaliers worshipped at my shrine! I began to entertain an extravagant opinion of my own beauty and talents, and to think that Mrs. Edmonstone and her son had underrated them. I grew weary of Edenside, and longed to fly away with Mrs. Danton to realize my blissful dreams! Had any one asked me how all this was brought about, and if Mrs. Danton had done it, I could not have given a satisfactory elucidation; for she was always cheerful herself, never complained of ennui, but sang and talked, and made the days pass swiftly. As to my father, he was perfectly charmed with our new inmate, and, contrary to his usual habit, he more than once remained in my apartment to listen to Mrs. Danton's music; while even old Fibsey, now querulous and infirm, especially patronized Mrs. Danton, that lady having listened respectfully to some of her most marvellous tales, and also adopted a specific remedy for cold, which no persuasions of nurse had ever induced Mrs. Edmonstone to try.

"Mrs. Danton is a sensible woman," quoth Fibsey, "though she be a foreigner like; and it does one's bones good to hear her merry laugh, for all the world like the tinkle-tinkle of the wether-bell from the distant sheiling coming across flowers and meadows, and making one think of all sorts of happy things. She's a bonny leddy; bless her lovely eyes, that melt like moonbeams on the dark sleeping waters!"

So it was: Mrs. Danton gained the affections and good-will of all, whilst I absolutely clung to her, and much marvelled how I had contrived to drag on my monotonous existence, when I had not her to talk to and confide in. Our constant theme of conversation was my uncle—his absence, and reported ill health. There was no one to check or rebuke me now; no grave looks; but Mrs. Danton spoke of Earl Mertoun's decease as an event to be almost "hoped for;" adding, "What a comfort it would be to Lord St. Just to witness his daughter's elevation prior to his own summons home!" Viewing it in this light, it seemed no longer sinful or unfeeling to indulge anticipations of a brilliant future career; while the total cessation of his visits threw the film of distance between my once kind uncle and me, and I came gradually to regard him as a stranger, or a memory. The past was forgotten; the present unheeded; "and youth, health, rank, wealth and beauty, all united in the person of Countess May," summed up my friend, mimicking Fibsey's voice and manner. For Mrs.

Danton inherited that dangerous gift—she was an admirable mimic; even the worthy Mrs. Edmonstone did not escape her; and I was weak and wicked enough to laugh at many such unkind exhibitions of miscalled talent.

I had watched the meeting which took place between Basil Edmondstone and Mrs. Danton, soon after the arrival of the latter, with considerable interest. She accompanied me to Barley Wood; but I knew not how it was, Mrs. Danton seemed out of her element there. The church and parsonage were both antiquated buildings; there was a homeliness, a substantial sort of comfort and sense of repose pervading the place: a peace and holiness, if I may use the term, with which our worldly discussions and gay laughter had nothing to do. When there, a dim, lurking sensation of regret that Mrs. Danton was my chosen intimate, always arose in my heart. I remembered her mockery of dear, simple Mrs. Edmondstone, and I was stricken with shame that I had encouraged it, and wept, as my early preceptress clasped me in her arms, fondly calling me her darling child.

Mrs. Danton seemed quite at ease, laughing, talking, and admiring everything; Basil was more reserved and silent than usual, though I detected a slight embarrassment when he first addressed my companion—a slight mounting of color in his cheek, and a singular expression in his eloquent eye—such an expression that I had never encountered, thank Heaven! although I tried in vain to interpret it; but he quickly regained self-command, and assumed the courtesy of a host.

My father wished Mrs. Edmonstone and her son to come to Edenside; but he excused himself on the plea of manifold pressing duties and occupations, though he added earnestly, "When I can be of any essential use or comfort to Lord St. Just, you know where to find me, Lady Marjory." The words were conventional, but the manner in which they were spoken penetrated my heart; and as we rode back through the corn-fields and smiling pastoral lands, it seemed as if I had left peace of mind behind me. And yet, our own fair Edenside was my childhood's home, and beautiful as ever. Alas! clouds were obscuring the "sunshine within!"

I was now in a kind of feverish excitement: vexed and dissatisfied that Mrs. Danton had gained such an ascendancy over me, which I could by no means shake off, though she was but six years my senior. It was I who was restless and dissatisfied, to whom excitement seemed necessary, not Mrs. Danton. Surely Basil's opinion of her had been unjust; and was not my impatience of her influence unjust likewise?

"There is a mystery which I must fathom," thought I. "What has Mrs. Danton done to offend Basil?—for, despite her beauty and fascination, he neither likes nor admires her—of that I am certain. I am not so sure, however, of her feelings towards him, notwithstanding her assumed indifference." Assumed!—for excellent as her acting was, she had not altogether deceived me; my woman's heart was on the alert—for, alas! inexperienced, silly girl as I was, I had already learned something of that mystic lore, which is made up of trifles light as air.

I had observed Mrs. Danton quail beneath Basil Edmondstone's open, truthful glance; I had also observed a momentary flash as she raised the drooping lids of her languishing eyes, which absolutely scared me. It was a lightning-flash, terrific in its passionate corruscation; but the silken fringes fell

instantaneously, and veiled the storm-burst. Yes, it was but for a second; but that second had revealed Mrs. Danton as a Medea, in her reproaches and her agony. What a contrast to the gentle, playful, winning creature whom I had learned to love and fondle! I questioned her closely; but she evaded all my queries, assuring me that I was fanciful, and that she was not a favorite of Mr. Edmondstone's; that was all.

"But is he not a favorite of yours?" I persisted, remarking the warm color which suffused her clear olive complexion as she vainly strove to hide her face.

"Ah!" she replied, with a forced laugh, "he is a very worthy creature, too handsome and engaging for a mere country parson. But, Lady Marjory St. Just, allow me to question you in my turn—is not Mr. Edmondstone an especial favorite of yours?"

Vehemently assuring her that I had known him from his boyhood, since I was an infant—that I regarded Mrs. Edmondstone in the light of a mother, and Basil as a brother—covered with blushes, stammering, and protesting—I became inextricably involved in a labyrinth of falsehood; or, mildly speaking, equivocation. I was effectually silenced, however, nor ventured again to attack Mrs. Danton on the delicate topic, while she regarded me with evident amusement, saying, "You are as agitated, Lady Marjory, as if I had accused you of *loving* Mr. Edmondstone: nothing so preposterous entered my imagination, I assure you, as that the beautiful, high-born Countess of Mertoun should bestow her affections so unworthily."

"I am not Countess of Mertoun yet, Mrs. Danton," whispered I, in a faltering voice.

"But you soon will be!"

Prophetic words! Shortly after this conversation, we had returned one day from an expedition to Barley Wood—where we often paid a flying visit, Mrs. Danton taking the reins of our pony-phæton, being a skilful charioteer—to find the household at Edenside in a state of confusion and excitement—a summons having arrived express from Fonthill Abbey, my uncle's magnificent seat, requiring my father's immediate presence, as Earl Mertoun was not expected to live for many hours.

How my heart throbbed as I witnessed the departure of Lord St. Just! My tears flowed when I thought of my dying uncle, boyishly good-natured and caressing as he had ever shown himself towards me. They were, however, but April tears, quickly succeeded by sunshine, as one variable mood chased another.

Two days subsequent to my father's departure, an official notification made me acquainted with my uncle's death; and I heard Mrs. Danton's sweetly-whispered congratulation—"Long may the beautiful Countess of Mertoun live to enjoy her dignity!"

My father did not write to me, and I became surprised and uneasy at his silence, for I knew that he would remain at Fonthill until after the funeral obsequies were performed. Day passed over; the silence was ominous, and a strange creeping presentiment of evil took possession of my soul: even Mrs. Danton was not exempt from the influence of a foreboding which too soon was fully realized.

Lord St. Just returned to Edenside—not alone, and not to greet me, as Mrs. Danton had done, but accompanied by a little boy of three years old, whom he introduced to my notice as the Earl of Mertoun—my deceased uncle's legitimate son by a private marriage with a girl of humble origin, who

had died shortly after the child's birth. Shame had prevented my uncle's betrayal of the secret, and some contrition for having disappointed me; but, on the death-bed, things wore a different aspect, and he acknowledged his son's rights, confiding him to the sole guardianship of Lord St. Just, and the tender mercies of Cousin Marjory!

CHAPTER IV.

I can write these particulars *now*—and it might have seemed as if I was calm and reconciled *then*. I was, in fact, stunned by the heavy blow at first; the shock overwhelmed me; an evil genius was by my side, and no oil was poured on my rankling wounds. Rage and blackness usurped the place of woman's better nature, and the bitterest hate towards the unoffending child, who had not an adherent at Edenside save my noble-hearted father. Fibsey, contrary to her nurse-like propensities, flatly refused to have aught to do with the interloper; the other ancient retainers muttering among themselves, "that it was too bad for their young lady!" Mrs. Danton shared my sorrows; but, to my surprise and chagrin, her behavior took a different turn shortly, and she bestowed many endearments and caresses on the infant earl, who, on his part, poor little thing! turned from the serious old faces surrounding him to the lovely, beaming countenance which looked kindly on his forlorn state. I taxed Mrs. Danton with hypocrisy, and with clinging to the strong; her answer was remarkable: "If I am a hypocrite, Lady Marjory, it is for you, and to do you service."

What could she mean? Was her love for the child assumed, and for what purpose? My father was grateful and pleased when he watched little Cecil's fondness for Mrs. Danton, and her attention to his ward; for though, God knows, I endeavored to school my heart, it was awfully rebellious; nor could I feel or assume a tenderness which had no place there. Cecil was a fair, delicate child, and had evidently been much humored, and frequently was fractious and naughty. I loathed his screams and cries, and his presence unnerved me; while Fibsey declared he was a changeling of the fairy-folk, and never would come to any good, though he *was* Earl of Mertoun!

Mrs. Danton disliked children, which made her mode of procedure more extraordinary; and she speedily lost favor with Fibsey, who detested double-faces, and folks who left other folks when their golden days were flown! Yet I felt in my heart's core that Fibsey was unjust to Mrs. Danton; and that, if she was playing a part, it was in some unaccountable manner to do me, as she had said, "service."

If my heart ever misgave me, it was when Basil Edmondstone came to Edenside, and I saw that he noted with pleased surprise Mrs. Danton's motherly demeanor towards the young earl; it was but for a little while these misgivings arose—for never heretofore had Basil been so kind and tender towards me—so deferential and observant; while I read a language in his eye which made me almost ready to embrace my cousin with affection, and exclaim, "this loss is my gain!" Mrs. Danton had read that language too; she knew that, as the poor Lady Marjory St. Just, daughter of a ruined man, Basil Edmondstone might aspire to my hand, for he was well born—his ancestors of nobility equal to my own. But, as the heiress of princely wealth, the gulf was impassable; Basil never would overstep it, even were a helping or beckoning hand

extended. Again I observed the fiercely-flashing eye and compressed lips; but she bent over the child, and toyed with his flaxen ringlets, while I for the first time embraced my little cousin. Short-lived amity! The siren's voice was at my ear—she exerted all her powers of fascination to wean me from my dreams of love and peace—and, alas! succeeded. Were my days to be passed in this dull, monotonous routine forever!—beauty such as mine blooming in a desert!—poverty closing around me—and a life of comparative penury in store! O, it was cruelly unjust, and I had a right to be angry and discontented! I listened and believed; and Mrs. Danton wept with me, murmuring, as she placed her hand on my aching brow—“Life is always uncertain—the child Cecil is delicate—there is *still hope*.” I looked up in her face; the twilight shadows were gathering at Edenside, but a darker shadow than of twilight rested there. What did it portend? I knew not, yet shudderingly turned away.

“I am sure that Master Mertoun looks well enough,” said Fibsey, (she never would give the child his rightful title;) “and yet Madam Danton most makes more fuss about the brat, and his precious health forsooth, than we did about all those little suffering angels as are gone to heaven along with your dear ma—I declare it provokes me to see her a-coddling and a-pampering the sour-tempered babe, and a-telling my lord that he is a delicate plant; but I don’t believe it; no—not I.”

This was fact, however; and Mrs. Danton persisted in assuring my father and every one else that little Cecil was a sickly child, and required the utmost care and tending. My father took it all for granted, and merely said, “Do not spoil him overmuch, my dear Mrs. Danton; I fear your kind, motherly heart may get the better of your wise head, you seem so fond of my interesting charge.” He added, more impressively, placing his hand on her arm, to arrest attention—“I need not remind you of the peculiar and delicate position in which I am placed as guardian to this boy; my honor is concerned in his wellbeing. Man could give no higher proof of confidence in another’s integrity than my deceased brother-in-law did, by committing his son to the sole care of one whose own hopes are completely frustrated by that son’s existence—an existence rendered doubly precious to me in consequence.”

Meekly, and with downcast eyes, Mrs. Danton listened to Lord St. Just, assuring him in return that she fully entered into and comprehended his feelings, and that she was devoted to his interests and to Lady Marjory’s.

“I do not think the Earl of Mertoun will live to be reared,” whispered Mrs. Danton to me in a careless way as we sat at our embroidery; “I have hinted as much to your papa. Of course we are all *very* anxious for the child’s welfare.” I looked up from my work, and met her eyes. What did I see there to rivet my gaze? an inquiring, mysterious expression, which seemed to say, “Do you understand me?” But I did not understand her, and simply replied, “Yes, indeed we are; for it would be very sad for papa if anything went wrong with Cecil.”

“Very sad for Lord St. Just if anything went wrong with Cecil,” she repeated slowly and musingly. “Yes, yes, certainly it would; but not if the boy died a natural death, or even by a *natural accident*.” Her voice sounded so hollow and unnatural as she said this, that, amazed, I ex-

claimed, “By *accident*, Mrs. Danton! Heaven forbid such a dire misfortune should befall us! Why do you frighten me so?”

“I have no intention to frighten you, Lady Marjory,” she answered quietly; “I merely spoke a passing thought—spoke of a possibility, not of a probability; accidents *do* sometimes happen, you know,” she continued; looking at me with a smile so full of dark meaning, that, scared and bewildered, the work fell from my hands as I tremblingly cried, “Why do you speak in this manner, Mrs. Danton! Have you any forebodings or apprehensions of the child’s safety?”

“Ah, you know I am not superstitious, though I humor old Fibsey’s nonsense; and, as to apprehensions, life is uncertain to us all. Sickness or accident may remove this impediment from your path, and you still may inherit your rights, Lady Marjory—for rights I must ever consider them, though so cruelly set aside.”

She said this in her softest, blandest manner, keeping her eyes fastened on the embroidery before her; while I—almost alarmed at the ideas she had put into my head, and shrinking from them as they would return again and again—endeavored to speak carelessly, but my voice faltered—“I think we ought not to contemplate the possibility of this child’s removal, my dear friend; it seems dishonorable and cruel-minded to do so.”

She shrugged her shoulders, saying, “You have been dishonorably and cruelly dealt by, Lady Marjory; nor can you help contemplating the possibility of that which I allude to, despite your efforts to the contrary.”

Her words rang in my ears when I was alone—“despite my efforts to the contrary,” creating painful disturbance in my mind. My hopes of worldly distinction and power, my ambitious schemes and vain projects, had all been dashed aside and annihilated; and now, when the first faint whisper was heard of another hope springing up, I had not strength to close my ears to the voice of the charmer, but permitted my thoughts to wander on the verge of that boundary-line which conscience—that sure monitor!—proclaimed with its “still small voice,” might not be passed without iniquity. These thoughts suggested—“The child may die; but I am sure I hope not.” Yes, I added the latter sentence; but the human heart is deceitful and desperately wicked above all created things, and did I deceive myself when I believed that I actually felt that hope?

Mrs. Danton by degrees drew me on to discuss these waking dreams, until I became inured to them; they were but dreams, she said; and there was no harm in building castles in the air, which could not injure a mortal creature. So we gradually and imperceptibly fell into a strain of conversation which appeared quite natural and proper, as we hinted no wishes, but canvassed what “might be;” yet “pretty Countess May” fell on my ear with a harsh, grating sound, as in playful mood Mrs. Danton once more mimicked poor old Fibsey’s almost forgotten pet epithet.

Of late, Mrs. Danton had carried on a constant correspondence with her relatives in Spain, informing us that she expected her brothers, Don Guzman and Don Felix d’Aguilar, to visit the English shores immediately; they were cruising in a pleasure yacht, and intended to touch at a place on the coast which was distant from Edenside about fifty miles across the country.

"They are persuading me to join them there," said Mrs. Danton, "for it is some years since we met; and if Lord St. Just, and you, Lady Marjory, can dispense with my stupid society for a week or two, I shall crave permission to go! I dote on the water, and it is just the season for enjoying those charming excursions which my brothers promise me."

Of course we said all that was kind on the occasion, my dear father adding many gallant speeches, and remarking that he did not know what would become of little Cecil during "Mamma Danton's" absence.

"By the by," said Mrs. Danton, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it would do the darling a great deal of good to have some bracing sea dips; and if you will intrust him to me, Lord St. Just, I shall be proud and delighted to take the dear boy with me."

"But your brothers, my dear madam," replied my father in a hesitating manner, yet looking pleased at the proposal; "they may not like the presence of a spoiled child?"

"Oh, they will do whatever I bid them," answered Mrs. Danton laughingly; "so we must consider it settled; and the earl accompanies me, together with his nurse." The nurse was a sturdy peasant girl.

"May we not hope to see your brothers at Edenside, Mrs. Danton?" said my father: "we can promise them a cordial welcome, though I fear we are unprepared to do honor to noble guests, so far as exteriors are concerned." Mrs. Danton gracefully acknowledged the courtesy; there was a proud humility and sadness about Lord St. Just whenever he alluded to his poverty. Then—I always hated my uncle's memory and my uncle's son, and Mrs. Danton read my inmost soul, and knew I did.

"Lady Marjory," she whispered, "be comforted—the child is going with me."

Good heavens! my blood curdled at her voice and manner. Was I mad? What did she mean to insinuate? Dared I ask her? No! I could not bring my tongue to frame a sentence. I must be a very wretch myself to suspect another of evil designs, and that other the gentle Mrs. Danton! "Away with these detestable suspicions," I cried, "or I shall go mad in reality: yet how her eyes haunt me—they imply more than tongue can express!" Fever was in my blood—I was miserable. I longed to fly to Barley Wood, and confide my feelings to Mrs. Edmondstone and Basil. But what had I to confide? Mrs. Danton, they knew, was anxious about the child's health for my father's sake, and she kindly proposed taking him with her to R—for change of air and sea-bathing: *they* had not seen her looks or heard her voice, and how *dared* I hint my foul suspicions? I loathed myself, and began to doubt my sanity.

On the evening previous to Mrs. Danton's departure, which was to take place at an early hour in the morning, in order to perform the fifty miles' journey by easy stages for the child's sake, she joined me in the corridor, where I was pacing to and fro in the streaming moonlight.

"I fear you are not well, my dearest," she said caressingly, passing her arm round me; "you appear feverish and restless."

"Oh, Mrs. Danton," I exclaimed, flinging myself on a settee, and burying my face in my hands, "God knows what ails me; but I am haunted by

horrid fancies which I cannot name—it is as if a demon had taken up his abode in my bosom!"

"You must take a composing draught, dear Lady Marjory," she replied, "and you will no doubt be quite well in the morning." I know not what impulse caused me to kneel down beside her and crave forgiveness. "Forgiveness!—for what?" she exclaimed: "your looks are wild, dear Lady Marjory; what have I to forgive in you?"

"Injurious thoughts. Oh, ask me no more; I dare not name them; but promise—promise me to guard and watch over my uncle's son with fidelity and truth!"

It was her turn now to gaze with wild amazement on me, as with passionate emphasis she cried, "Your acting is excellent, Lady Marjory St. Just; but wherefore waste it on me? Why not reserve your strength for future emergencies, when the audience may be worthy of such display?"

So saying, she left me kneeling in the moonlight, pressing my hands on my throbbing temples, stupefied and tearless. What had I done or said? Had I insulted Mrs. Danton? Did she guess the thoughts that were swiftly passing through my mind, and abhor me for them? The wailing winds were sweeping round the gables, and waving the dark tree-tops like funeral plumes, seeming to my excited imagination as if innumerable wings were swiftly rushing past—good and guardian angels forsaking Edenside!

CHAPTER V.

NIGHTS of delirium and days of exhaustion succeeded Mrs. Danton's departure; Fibsey saw that I was ill, and plainly told me it was the sickness of the mind, urging me to confide my grief to her who had nurtured me from my birth, and received me from my dying mother's arms.

"Oh, Fibsey," I cried, "would that I dare tell you my misery—I comprehend it not myself. It seems as if some baneful, unseen influence was coiled around me, and that what I could not, that I think, Fibsey, did you ever hear there was madness in our family? Perhaps I am the victim of insanity."

Tenderly and assiduously Fibsey sought to allay my fears, assuring me that the St. Justs had always been considered a peculiarly sensible and well-conducted race; and that the shock and disappointment I had sustained on my uncle's death were quite sufficient to account for this derangement of my nervous system. Yes, that was it, doubtless. I snatched at the idea; it was my nerves that were disordered; and Mrs. Edmondstone, who came to Edenside, agreed with Fibsey, commiserating my pallid looks and wretched condition.

Racked nerves accounted for these morbid fancies and baleful visions when sleep brought no refreshment; but still—still, oh I was cunning, as mad people often are, and I knew it. I never hinted that it was the child's absence with Mrs. Danton that worked upon me now; I never told them how I yearned to clasp him to my bosom, and hold him there in safety for evermore.

In Mrs. Danton's letters she dwelt on the exhilarating enjoyment of their sea expeditions, when little Cecil, with his nurse always accompanied them. At length she wrote that Don Guzman had sailed for Cadiz in his yacht, being suddenly summoned on urgent business. "He left us this morning, but Felix remains here for the present; and, as the day is calm, is waiting to row the earl

and myself on the sunny sea, an exercise in which he delights. Unfortunately Fanny (the nurse) has a lethargic sick headache, which confines her to her bed; consequently the charge of the dear devolves on me, and his spirits are so wildly exuberant, that he requires unceasing care and watchfulness, for if he fell overboard, I certainly should fling myself after him. Excuse this haste. I see the green speck on the waste of waters which is to bear so precious a freight. Felix is impatient: oars in hand. Adieu!"

What was there in this letter to account for my paroxysms of agony? The climax had come, and I was raving! I flew to my father! I told him that I had received a letter from Mrs. Danton, which made me desirous of setting off instantly to join her; and when he expressed surprise, I told him that I could not bear to be separated from Mrs. Danton, and that loneliness made me fearfully nervous. The good, guileless man said this was quite natural, that Edenside was dull for me, poor thing! And when I gave him Mrs. Danton's epistle to read, (I was impelled to do so by an impulse I could not resist,) he continued—"Good creature! yes, I'm sure she would risk her own life to save the dear boy's; he is safe enough beneath her fostering wings. But it is unfortunate Fanny should be ill—such a strong, blooming lass too! However, my darling girl, your wishes shall not be thwarted. I will myself accompany you as soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready, this moment, papa," I exclaimed; "I must go at once. Do you not see that Mrs. Danton does not ask me to join her? It may not be agreeable, but I cannot help that. Let me go alone with Fibsey—I must not tear you from your quiet home, papa, dear, and I shall soon return well and strong again."

These, and many more such representations, were needed ere my father gave his consent to my departure; but he was averse to quitting Edenside even for a day, and it would have proved a heavy punishment had he been compelled to sojourn at a watering-place, so that he was easily persuaded to forego the journey; and, seeing my feverish restlessness increase, his permission at length was won.

Fibsey, indeed, had privately told my father that immediate change of scene and air would prove the best restorative, to say nothing of Mrs. Danton's cheerful company. How far her own anticipations of a pleasant trip had to do with this sage advice I know not. We started the next day, intending to halt but once for rest and refreshment at a small roadside inn (the hostess of which was a gossip of Fibsey's) about twenty miles from the coast. Here we alighted; yes, I remember alighting, entering a parlor, and finding myself in Mrs. Danton's arms. She looked pale and agitated, while Fanny sat cowering and weeping in a corner. They were on their way to Edenside, and halted for the same purpose that we had. I looked hurriedly round, and my head swam. Where was the infant earl? "Where?" I screamed.

"Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory," said Mrs. Danton. Surely her eyes shot forth sparks of fire as I encountered their glare, her voice seeming to issue from a subterranean cavern as she repeated, "Be calm, be pacified, Lady Marjory. Pity me, not the child, who has gone to join his kindred angels. He sleeps in twenty fathom water! Pity me; how am I to face Lord St. Just?"

Nothing more—nothing more I heard or saw. Years seemed to pass, and in those years haunting demon eyes surrounded me on every side, shrieking voices screamed in my ears words of fiendish horror, while whispers more terrible and distinct in their import sounded close—close to my face like fiery breaths passing over it! A life—a long life was to come of chaotic and impenetrable blackness. Ages rolled on. I was borne along on sluggish rivers, slimy hands pressing me down beneath the surface! When I struggled, choking, the roar of ocean surges and the screams of a child mingled with everything!

Weeks, they said, I had lain in that roadside inn unable to be moved, tended night and day by Mrs. Danton, assisted by Fibsey; and when I opened my eyes to gaze forth on the earth again, it was with such feeble perception, body and mind being both utterly shattered and prostrated, that I was as a helpless infant in the hands of my attendants.

Even when they carried me to Edenside—and I found that my home was desolate, and that I was an orphan—not a tear flowed, not a sigh escaped, merely a dim consciousness of overwhelming affliction pressed crushingly on my heart. Afterwards I knew the catastrophe of his sudden end—it was the disastrous blow which struck my father down. He accused himself of having permitted the precious child to leave his roof; his honor was tarnished, though he never cast a shadow of blame on Mrs. Danton, who, he was told, had only been withheld by her brother from seeking a watery grave. The unfortunate ooy, in unmanageable spirits, during a sudden squall, when the boat was difficult to manage, had been plunged into eternity. My father listened to the dismal tale, spoke but little, and a fit terminated his career of sorrow.

Gradually I awoke to realities at Edenside; Mrs. Danton never quitted me—to her care I owed my life; in the ravings of delirium she had smoothed my pillow, and now in the weakness of my utter prostration she watched over me as a mother watches a babe—exercising all her powers to soothe and solace, to fascinate and charm me.

I met the tender gaze of her soft eyes—and how could I have fancied they were ever fierce and passionate? Ah, it must have been a dream of fever! Her sweet voice sounded like subdued music, and yet—yet a serpent's folds seemed inextricably coiled around me; and when I impotently struggled to be free, they twined more firmly. I never questioned her. I was passive in her hands, and did whatever she bade me: she prohibited my seeing Mrs. Edmondstone until I became stronger, the medical men enjoining perfect repose. When they addressed me as Countess of Mertoun, I felt an involuntary shudder convulse my frame. Mrs. Danton noticed this—assuring me that time would work miracles, and reconcile me to the change.

I had formed determinations concerning the future, which I kept fast locked within the secret recesses of my inmost heart—saying to myself, "I am too feeble yet; wait for a while, hapless Marjory!"

I went forth amid the birds and flowers again; and I gazed after the birds skimming the summer air afar off, wishing that I, too, had wings to flee away and be at rest.

As I grew stronger, Mrs. Edmondstone was admitted to see me. I thought her manner cold and constrained, but all agitating topics were

avoided. Mrs. Danton was always present during these visits; and I observed that Mrs. Edmondstone never looked at or addressed her, save when strict courtesy demanded it.

Another guest was now admitted at Edenside without my knowledge or permission—this was Don Felix d'Aguilar; and Mrs. Danton seemed to view it as a matter of course that her brother should be almost domesticated beneath the same roof with her. I was hers—yes—hers! She claimed me by a silent, mysterious influence—as if I had invoked a Zamiel—ever ready to envelop me in the shadowy folds of a mantle of blackness.

I had seen pictures of Spanish brigands, and I thought that Mrs. Danton's brother resembled one of these; but his manners were pleasing, though his appearance was fierce. It was by very slow degrees that his evident desire to please assumed the form of an assiduity which became offensive; nor was it possible for me to mistake the meaning of his attentions. Despite continued repulse on my part, the persecutions of Don Felix increased to such an unbearable extent, that, notwithstanding my weak state, I saw it was imperative that I summoned up courage to speak explicitly to Mrs. Danton, and remonstrate with her, if necessary, on the annoyance her brother's presence caused me.

"My brother loves you, Lady Marjory," she replied in answer to my mild representations: "he woos you for his wife. Nor will you be degraded by union with a D'Aguilar, for our blood is more ancient than your own."

"But it is impossible, Mrs. Danton," I exclaimed with more spirit than I had yet had the power to evince—"it is impossible that now, or at any future time, I can listen to your brother's addresses; and let me hope that, after this explanation, I may be released from further persecution. My decision is unalterable; and you will oblige me by requesting your brother not to intrude upon me again."

I had been led to speak thus by the provoking smile of insolence which distorted Mrs. Danton's beauty: yes, absolutely distorted it. She looked a bold, designing, revengeful woman.

"This to me?" she cried in an angry, taunting voice; "this to me? Is *this* your gratitude? Do you dare to brave me?"

"I understand you not, Mrs. Danton," my voice faltered; "and I would fain hope that I am deeply grateful for your care during my long sickness, though I cannot see how even that may warrant your using such singular language."

"I have witnessed your excellent acting more than once, Lady Marjory; or I should say, with all due deference, Countess of Mertoun!" Here she curtsied ironically.

"O, would to Heaven," I cried, "that the hated title were not mine!"

"You are a little too late in your wishes," she continued in her former strain. "You thought rather differently previous to my going to the coast."

"Say not so, Mrs. Danton; O say not so, if you hope for mercy hereafter, or I shall be mad again! What you hint at is too frightful for me to contemplate, and live."

"And yet you did not think it too frightful for me to do, Marjory St. Just. You are young to be so consummate a hypocrite and deceiver!"

Her voice hissed in my ear, and I remembered the fiery breath that had fanned my cheeks when I

lay in the roadside inn, when raging fever scorched my veins. Was delirium returning again, with the horrible visions of the past?

"Mrs. Danton"—I spoke with unnatural calmness; I staked my all on her answer—"what dark deed do you allude to which you infer I was cognizant of?"

"O, this is too—too much!" She laughed wildly, as with the gestures of a fury she screamed, "I *infer* nothing, but I affirm that you *wished* for the child's death, and I claim the price of his life at your hands; deny it on your peril! Consent to be the wife of Don Felix d'Aguilar, and your share in this deed—your share by abetting and consenting—shall be hushed up forever. Refuse, and I will brand you to the world—to Basil Edmondstone. Ay, you may start, for I know your heart's secret—even to my own destruction! We will perish together. Think you to pass free—think you to escape—with such a debt as this between us? Remember, ere you decide, that revenge is sweet when love has flown."

I knelt in abject misery before Mrs. Danton, though a mist and gathering darkness seemed closing around me. I knelt, imploring her to recall those dreadful words: not to save me from exposure to the world and to Basil Edmondstone, for I was ready to swear that I would never see him more, if she would but express her belief that I had not wished the death of the innocent child by unfair means.

"Pay the price of his life," she cried vehemently, "and I will say whatever you desire, and endeavor to believe you!"

"Never! I deny the debt, and repel the charge with destestation," I exclaimed, the proud, determined spirit of my ancestors swelling and boiling in my outraged breaking heart. But, alas! my steps tottered, the room swam round, and my weakened frame lost a sense of mortal sorrow in the oblivion of long-continued insensibility.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR days succeeding this scene with Mrs. Danton I was sensible of being closely watched, and literally a prisoner in my own house. Fibsey attended upon me, but she looked scared and bewildered, spoke little, and avoided entering into conversation. It is true that she was always accompanied by Mrs. Danton, who had evidently regained all her former influence over the old woman, doubtless by humoring her prejudices and foibles; for Fibsey, despite an affectionate nature, was often obstinate and domineering. Mrs. Danton treated me as a petted child, coaxing and caressing; but I quailed beneath her eye, and when I clung to my ancient nurse, in-treating her not to leave or forsake me, but to send for Mrs. Edmondstone, she looked appealingly at my tyrant, who whispered something in her ear, and turned to me with an authoritative air, oddly mingled with a show of tenderness—a show, indeed, for I read hate and revenge in the expression of her countenance.

How inexplicable was my situation! What did it portend? Was I mad, and were they treating me as a lunatic? Never left alone; watched night and day; and even my dear old nurse leagued against me! Those resolutions for the guidance of my future conduct which I had formed in the solitude of a sick chamber when too feeble to express them resolutely, I determined now to impart to Mrs. Danton in Fibsey's presence; they might free from persecution, and relieve me from Don

Felix's hated addresses. That evening, as Mrs. Danton sat beside me, Fibsey busying herself about the apartment, I opened the subject by commencing—"I have long wished to speak with you, Mrs. Danton, on a painful topic from which I shrink; nevertheless, I must delay no longer informing you of my unalterable decisions respecting the future. I am utterly careless of the constructions that may be placed on my conduct, for this misery is greater than I can bear."

"And what may be your sage resolves?" said Mrs. Danton with a pitying smile of contempt.

"Never to assume the hated title which my uncle's son inherited—never to touch the fatal wealth! To cast it from me as I would cast the wages of iniquity, and in poverty, reproach, and humiliation, to lead a life of self-subjection; for I have tampered with guilt—not the black guilt which you impute to me—but that which is more shadowy, and more leniently viewed by the world—the guilt of contemplating with satisfaction the possibility of the unfortunate boy's accidental decease. Oh, Mrs. Danton, say you have trifled with me; say that his end *was* accidental—that he fell not a victim by your contrivance and at my suggestion! Spare me, spare me, or take my life too; for reason is nearly unseated!"

I tried in vain to check the hysterical paroxysms that gained the mastery, and I thrust their proffered services away with violence. Then I overheard Mrs. Danton whisper to Fibsey, "I fear we cannot hush up the matter much longer; she is becoming worse, and we must call in help." I saw Fibsey shake her head, and I essayed to speak calmly, but my struggles nearly choked me.

"Fibsey, Fibsey, what does all this mean? I am not ill—I am not mad; but you will make me so! Send for Mrs. Edmondstone. Who dares prevent it?"

Mrs. Danton exchanged a look of concern with my nurse; to me that look conveyed a plot of deep-laid villany and daring on her part, and I saw that she had belied me to my old attendant. Suddenly my resolve was formed; I became passive, and received Mrs. Danton's farewell for the night, she bending over me, and hissing in my ear, "Tomorrow, Lady Marjory St. Just, you and I must come to an understanding." Aloud she added—"Pleasant dreams, Countess May!"

Fibsey slept in an adjoining closet which communicated with my apartment, the door being left open. I refused the night-potion, saying I felt drowsy without it, and closing my eyes, as if asleep. Very soon I heard indubitable signs that Fibsey was in a deep slumber, and soon after the midnight chimes, I rose, threw on my clothes, and a large warm cloak and hood which amply protected me. The key of my chamber door was in Fibsey's pocket, which, with the rest of her apparel, lay by her bed-side; tremblingly I extracted it, applied it to the key-hole, and stood in the corridor, where the moonlight streamed in as it had done on that well-remembered night previous to Mrs. Danton's departure for the coast. All was still, yet my poor heart throbbed almost to suffocation; here, in my own house, to be stealing out like a criminal, it was verily strange and dreadful! I had but one overpowering desire—to reach Barley Wood, to throw myself on the protection of those dear friends, and to unravel or break the meshes of that detestable web which was closing around me like the grave.

I gained the garden entrance at the end of the

corridor, and succeeded in unfastening the door. Mrs. Danton's room was at the other end, and I did not fear that she would detect the noise. I sprang down the steps—across the greensward, glistening in the cold moonlight with heavy dew; I threaded my way among the well-known but intricate paths and defiles—passed the shrubbery—down towards the valley and the streams—through the wicket-gate—out into the open pastures; there I stood alone—Barley Wood ten miles off, my weak frame tottering, but my spirit brave. "Onward, onward, or death!" I cried. I have no clear idea how I gained a small farmhouse, distant about a mile and a half. Farmer Aston, the proprietor, had loved and respected my father, who, on more than one occasion, had befriended him in times of need. I succeeded in gaining admittance, and in persuading the farmer to drive me in his covered cart to the spot I yearned to reach. I made Dame Aston comprehend that I was flying from persecution and despair, though she glanced at her good-man with a puzzled air, as he dubiously shook his gray head, and hinted that I had best return to Edenside.

"No, no!" I cried; "if you will not have pity on me, I must toil on on foot; but I *must* reach Barley Wood ere daylight dawns; and *can* you do wrong, Farmer Aston, in conveying me to the good Mrs. Edmondstone?"

"Nay, nay, I don't think I can, your ladyship, though my missis and I be sore grieved to see ye in such a plight like. But I'll put to Dobbin, and carry ye over to the minister's in less nor an hour."

I bade him go to Edenside, on his return, and tell Fibsey that I had sought refuge with Mrs. Edmondstone; for, notwithstanding her late singular behaviour, I knew how agonized the old soul would be when she awoke and found her caged bird flown.

I gained the blessed haven—I nestled in my early friend's bosom. Basil held my hand, and, in a torrent of wild, incoherent words, I discharged my bosom's load. Passionate floods of tears came to my relief, relieving the overcharged brain, and assisting to clear my clouded apprehension. I was sensible they did not loathe me; they believed me innocent; and I sank to rest in Mrs. Edmondstone's arms, and slept like a wearied infant. I had heard Basil say, "We will talk over these distressing matters in the morning, my dear Lady Marjory; but be comforted—put your trust in Him from whose scrutiny nothing is hid."

In the morning, I recapitulated to Basil and his mother all that had taken place: I made a full confession of the past; of my own weakness and culpability in harboring thoughts of "possibilities," suggested by Mrs. Danton; of the horrible suspicions she had awakened by her tone of voice and looks, and of my shame to breathe these foul suspicions to any human creature; of the frenzy her letter from the coast wrought in me—all the rest they knew—attributing my illness to the sudden shock. But one circumstance had impressed them strongly against Mrs. Danton, which was this: Fanny, the deceased child's nurse, now a domestic at Barley Wood, having partially recovered from her attack of lethargic headache, (which she persisted was "a very odd one.") unexpectedly entered the apartment where Mrs. Danton and Don Felix d'Aguilar were closeted, on their return from that fatal excursion. Fanny had not learned the disaster, but she heard them laughing and talking, and sought the little earl. Mrs. Danton, whose back

was towards the entrance of the apartment, indulged in prolonged bursts of merriment, mimicking some absent individual, (Fanny declared it was me,) until a sign from Don Felix caused her to look round; when, on seeing Fanny, she assumed a grave countenance, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. But it was too late; the panic-struck girl listened with dismay to the sad tale of the child's accident and loss, but she shrank from Mrs. Danton with ill-concealed disgust.

This was the occasion of Mrs. Edmondstone's marked coldness to that lady at Edenside; for a suspicion of the reality had never crossed her pure mind. "Basil, my dear," she said, "can you not fathom Mrs. Danton's motives for committing this crime—was it not to secure Lady Marjory's hand and fortune for her brother, by terrifying her into compliance, if all other means failed?"

"That was one of her motives, assuredly, mother," he replied, thoughtfully. Hereafter I drew from Basil an elucidation of another motive which had influenced this beautiful fiend.

I impressed upon these dear friends my resolution of never profiting by the child's death—of never claiming the title or property. I told them that peace of mind had flown forever; that Mrs. Danton's belief in my guilt embittered existence; and that I must live a prey to remorse.

"Lady Marjory, she does not believe that you are guilty of aiding or abetting her in this crime of darkness," said Basil Edmondstone; "but she affirms it in order to obtain a hold and mastery over your actions. I perfectly agree with you in the noble resolution you have formed as to the title and its adjuncts, and I advise that immediate steps should be taken as to the necessary disposal of these affairs. I will also instantly depart for Edenside, tax Mrs. Danton and her brother with the crime she has boldly confessed to you, and deliver them up, if needs be, to the hand of justice."

"But, remember, Basil, my dear," said his mother, "that we have no proof. She may deny her own words; and, besides, what a situation it would place Lady Marjory in if the wretched woman accuses her publicly of consenting to it!"

"Alas! mother, I see it all," sighed Basil. "What a mesh of entanglement! Nevertheless, we must walk in the plain, honest path, and leave the rest in His hands who will not suffer the innocent to be wronged."

"But you must not go to Edenside," I cried in alarm.

"Wherefore?" replied Basil in astonishment. "What else remains to do?"

"Oh! I am afraid of that fierce, desperate man; he may insult you, Basil; and then"—

"Then what?" said Basil, smiling, as he tenderly took my hand. "Do you forget that I am a man of peace—my office, my garb—His insults, Lady Marjory, will glance off the armor I wear without injury to me."

He spoke with gentle dignity, and I felt reassured, though I had betrayed more than a prudent maiden would willingly have done, as to the state of my affections. This was not the time to speak or dream of love, yet there was a softness in Basil's eye, and a tenderness in his voice, to which I had been long a stranger.

Farmer Anson had seen Fibsey, according to his promise; but when Mrs. Danton heard of my escape, her rage knew no bounds, and she accused Fibsey of neglect, who, in her turn, began to suspect that her credulity was imposed on, and her

young mistress ill-treated. Mrs. Danton had told my nurse that I had tempted her by bribes to remove the impediment; but that she, the gentle Mrs. Danton! had rejected them with scorn, and had taken the boy with her, out of harm's way. She made Fibsey believe that I was insane, for that I actually accused her of the deed, which I myself had originally suggested, but which the interposition of an Almighty hand had decided in the way already known. She promised Fibsey never to divulge my premeditated guilt, and impressed upon her the necessity of not calling in a witness. Poor old foolish Fibsey! she believed me mad—not guilty; and self-reproaches shortened her days, when she found that Madam Danton had deceived her. "But she had such winning ways," quoth Fibsey, "that she most made one believe black was white, if she had a mind." And in this, alas! I was able too fully to corroborate my nurse.

But she had flown from Edenside with her brother, Don Felix, hours previous to the arrival of Basil Edmondstone. Every means were used to trace the fugitives, but without success, and the affairs were speedily placed in competent hands. My existence being so little known beyond the retired precincts of my home, curiosity was not aroused, save in the distant heirs who so unexpectedly succeeded to the property, and the wary lawyers who were engaged in transferring it.

I was eventually the affianced bride of Basil Edmondstone. Long, long I had combated with my own heart, and refused to listen to his addresses, until the foul aspersion cast upon me by Mrs. Danton was cleared away. "And how can that ever be hoped for?" said Basil; "in all human probability you will never hear of her again, and would you sacrifice my happiness, Marjory, to a false notion of honor? Do not I know your purity and innocence? If you wait to become my bride until Inez Danton does you justice, you may wait in vain. Marjory, she is a disappointed and a revengeful woman!" And then he told me a tale which caused my cheeks to tingle, and my eyes to seek the ground—a tale he never would have betrayed to mortal man or woman save to her about to become his wife.

Mrs. Danton had confessed her love for him unasked. She had flung herself in his way, and passionately sought him. Need it be added, that not her excessive beauty, talents, or fascinations, had power to touch a heart like Basil Edmondstone's, when modesty, that first and sweetest charm of woman, was wanting. He mildly repulsed her, but decisively; and he told me (blessed assurance!) that my image at the moment reigned in his bosom, and forbade the entrance of another, and even if that other had been everything he could have loved. I returned to Edenside, to complete final arrangements prior to quitting it forever, and taking up my rest at Barley Wood as the pastor's helpmeet—sweet title!—blessed hope! Yet I was not happy; for though I tried to be convinced by Basil's arguments that Mrs. Danton did not in her secret heart attribute consent to me, yet to recall that precious child to life again I would willingly have renounced my most cherished hopes.

CHAPTER VII.

HAPPY? O far from it! I was not even tranquil. The storm in which my young life had been passed had swept by; but the surges it had left still rose black, and dreary, and ominous around me. Was it possible that a fault like mine could

be so atoned! Were we really at that conclusion of the history in which it was said, in the fairy tales I loved when a girl, "and then they lived happy all the rest of their lives?" I could not believe it—at least never when alone. When Basil left my side, with love on his lips, and hope and heaven in his eye, I looked strangely after him; and then, turning round, I gazed as if expecting to see a phantom. I wondered what was to come next, and whence it was to come. I felt as if it was a denying of Providence to suppose that the end had already arrived.

This idea more especially beset me at night. Often have I sat up in my solitary bed to listen for what was to come; to try to penetrate the darkness that surrounded me like fate. In the daytime, when Basil was not with me, I went about like one in a dream; and when anybody talked to me of my approaching happiness, I stared with a wondering and incredulous look. This, it may be said, was the remains of my fever—an affection of the nerves! It was an affection of the conscience; it was an instinct of faith; it was the heart's secret acknowledgment of a just, awful and mysterious God.

Some evenings I was alone, for Basil's time was always at the command of the distressed and the dying, and on such occasions I loved to saunter along my favorite path, bounded on one side by a solemn pine wood. One evening the twilight was more than usually beautiful, and I looked, in passing, with more than usual admiration down the vistas formed here and there by the trees, when the dim religious light faded away into impenetrable gloom. At this hour the picture was rarely enlivened by the human figure; but on the occasion I refer to, some belated wanderer appeared to be threading the paths of the wood, for I saw, although only for an instant, a woman appearing, and then vanishing amongst the trees. It was a feature of the picturesque which in another frame of mind would have interested me, but just now I felt disturbed, as if by an intrusion. I suddenly found that the gloom had increased, and that there was a chillness in the air which warned me to return; and, retracing my steps, I hastened home.

"Has anything alarmed you?" said Mrs. Edmondstone.

"No, nothing."

"Did you meet any one in your walk?"

"No one: the only person I saw was a woman coming out of the wood."

"You look pale, my love; you should go to bed and rest; the early morning would be a more cheerful time for your solitary walks."

I did go to bed. I had not seen Basil for many hours, and perhaps that made me more uncomfortable than usual; but I remember my last waking thought was—I wonder what is to come? Yet my eyelids were heavy, and I slept soon. I know not of what I dreamed, or if I dreamed at all; but in the middle of the night I awoke suddenly, and sat up in my bed. What fantastic tricks are played by the imagination! The belated figure which I had seen only distinctly enough to recognize it as that of a female, was now before my mind's eye, and it was associated, nay, identified, with that of her who had caused the unhappiness of my life! The figure, which I had forgotten before I went to bed, now haunted me after my sleep was over; and the solemn wood, the dim vista among the trees, and the flitting female, were before me till night and its spectral show were dissolved in the dawn.

The next evening I was again alone, and I was glad of it. This, however, I tried to conceal from myself, for I was ashamed of the sickly fancies that had beset me. I set out, nevertheless, on my lonely walk, skirting the pine wood anew, examining anxiously every vista I passed, and coming to a dead pause at the one where I had turned back the evening before. I looked down the natural alley of trees, the branches meeting at the top like the arches of a cathedral, and the dim light fading slowly away in the gloom beyond. I felt awed, and yet firm; and when a figure emerged from the further darkness like a spirit, and glided slowly up that solemn aisle, I stood stiff and self-possessed, as if I had come by appointment to hear its errand.

As it approached, I wondered how it was that my eyes had not recognized at a glance the truth which my heart felt by instinct; how the figure should have impressed itself slightly and dimly, like an indifferent thing, upon my memory, and have there burned, and deepened, and blackened, like hot iron! There was no mistaking that noiseless footfall, that gentle carriage, that graceful form; and long before her slow step brought her to me, I was prepared to see, to hear, to confront Inez Danton. She was shrouded in a long, black cloak, the hood of which concealed her face; and so silently and shadow-like did she glide along the path, that I might have supposed her to be a messenger from the dead.

She threw back her hood, and I was startled by the alteration in her appearance. Her eyes were hollow and sunken, her cheeks emaciated and sallow; excessive mental suffering, and the struggles of passion, were impressed indelibly on every lineament of her face. Perhaps it was weakness on my part, but I had loved her once, and I was touched by these traces of sorrow and misery.

"You pity me, Lady Marjory!" said she.

"I do, from my heart."

"You find me changed?"

"O, yes."

"And you?—are you happy?" I recoiled from the hissing tone with which she spoke these words.

"You know," she continued, "you are about to be married to Basil Edmondstone. Is not that happiness! Is there anything in this world for which you would exchange such a fate! Come, bethink yourself, for impossibility is a fable. Is there anything in existence—any boon so vast, so unheard of—as to buy back your plighted hand?"

"This is futile, Mrs. Danton!" I cried, in some alarm, my trepidation increasing each moment as I beheld her excitement. "Let me warn you, that, in case you are discovered, your person will be secured. Pass on your way, and suffer me to pass on mine—our paths are different for the future, believe me."

"Not so far apart as you may imagine. Listen, Lady Marjory St. Just!—Cecil, Earl of Mertoun, lives!"

"You are mocking me, Mrs. Danton!" I cried, in extreme terror. Her hand was on my arm, and her dark eyes flashed fire.

"Nay, I am not jesting or mocking, Lady Marjory," she said, in a grave, low voice; "that child lives in health and safety, and I have come to tell you so."

"Then you will restore him—then you will hear my blessings heaped on your head"—I had thrown myself on my knees before her, for I doubted not the truth of her asseveration; her

tores and gestures bore the stamp of veracity. "O wherefore have you played this cruel part, Mrs. Danton? Why did you affirm his death, and hasten my poor father's end?" I scarcely knew what I said or did, the rush of mingled feelings was so tumultuous, banishing reason momentarily; but Mrs. Danton quickly recalled my scattered intellects by sternly rejoining—"Heed not the past, Lady Marjory St. Just—with the present you have enough to do. The Earl of Mertoun *lives*, I tell you. I transferred him to my brother's vessel, which hovered a few miles from the coast. Safe in the mountains of the Ronda the boy is concealed; but he shall be restored uninjured within a month from this day if you are willing to abide by the condition I propose. If not"—her countenance grew, O, so dark and dreadful—"his fate rest on your head—you will never see or hear of him more."

"Name the condition: it must be hard, indeed, if I refuse compliance," I uttered steadily, meeting her gaze as she slowly and deliberately said, "You must swear, as I shall dictate, never to become the wife of Basil Edmondstone; and, moreover, never to reveal to mortal aught of what has now passed between us!"

My heart sunk despairingly, but a glimpse of hope supported me. "If the child really lives," I cried, "the hand of justice shall recover him."

With a taunting laugh Mrs. Danton exclaimed, "Recovered from our mountain fastnesses! You know not what you say, Marjory St. Just. My kin are bold, daring men, amenable to no laws, and a word from them seals the boy's doom. They demand a ransom; but the ransom is mine: it is that which I have named. And were you to offer me all the gold of the universe in exchange, I would fling it from me as worthless dross!"

Alas! I wished to gain time, for she was becoming impatient; and I murmured, "How can I believe that you would abide by your part of the covenant were I to bind myself as you desire? And O, Mrs. Danton, wherefore do you exact so hard a compact?"

My heart whispered too well the wherefore.

With a glance of scorn she replied, "First, unless my part of the condition be fulfilled within a month from this day, yours will be null and void—your oath cancelled. Believe me when the child Cecil stands before you in health and safety, and not till then. As to your other question"—her voice faltered, her head drooped—"let your own heart answer it."

I was silent and undecided. She continued more vehemently, "My time is short; decide, and we part forever!"

Appeals, supplications were unavailing; she folded her arms, drew her cloak around her, and stepping slowly backward, coldly said, "I give you five minutes more, Lady Marjory, to decide your own fate and the child's. Then farewell!"

She withdrew into the black shade of the trees as she spoke, and as she stood there, mute and motionless, I felt that her eyes, in their snake-like beauty, were fixed upon mine, and I trembled half with terror, half with indignation. Was it reasonable to suppose that even a desperate woman would commit so horrible a deed as she hinted at, when it could no longer answer the slightest purpose? Might not her kinsmen be wrought upon by motives to which passion made her deaf? Would it be difficult to move even the government to interfere in circumstances involving the

life of a grandee of the empire? Was I called upon, when such matter for hope existed, to give up the betrothed of my heart, and, setting aside my own feelings, to inflict upon him a blow so terrible? Such were the first reflections that chased each other across my brain; but by and by they were effaced by a different and better train. My father—my dear father—seemed to stand before me in that cathedral gloom, fixing surprised and sorrowful eyes upon his child. It was he who had been murdered—not the youthful earl. He had died of the wound inflicted on his character, and had descended brokenhearted into a dishonored grave. To accomplish what the sacrifice demanded of me was to purchase, he would have given every drop of blood in his body; and was I, the daughter of that noble spirit, to stand thus coolly calculating chances? Was it even a real sacrifice that was sought to be extorted? It would be impossible for me to enjoy a moment's happiness, situated as I should be; and it was a fallacy, therefore, to say that I abandoned any by complying with Mrs. Danton's terms. Since unhappiness was to be my lot in life, it would be more easily endured with peace of mind; and better even for Basil to suffer a thousand disappointments than marry a woman whose days would be passed in unavailing remorse. With these reflections there came that sense of guilt to which I have already alluded—the consciousness that I did not *deserve* the bliss to which I clung; and, so fortified, ere the allotted five minutes had elapsed my decision was formed, and I bound myself by a solemn vow never to divulge what had passed, and to adhere to the other condition of the cruel ransom. O, the wild exulting laugh that rang through the dark pine wood as, in promising to keep the compact, I added, by way, I suppose, of retaining some gleam of hope, "Unless absolved by herself!"

Basil Edmondstone and I were parted forever in this world.

"Farewell, Lady Marjory!" she said, "you will receive due notice of the day when your presence is required at that point of the coast so fatal in your history; on that strand where the music of the sad sea waves shall chant the dirge of love!" Passionately she clasped her hands, as she added, "Oh, fool! is *this* your love? Me, who would have lost my soul for him, he slighted and rejected; while you—tame, cold, passionless idiot—he loves; you, who give him up, for what?—for a child's worthless life! Basil Edmondstone loves you, Marjory St. Just, and Inez Danton is revenged! Farewell! Yet one word more"—she lingered and spoke more softly—"when he demands an explanation of the mystery surrounding you—when your heart yearns tenderly towards him, yet you reject his approaches—then, then remember Inez Danton, and in your own suffering picture hers!—But no; you cannot! Tell him that you have purchased peace of mind, and that his love is nothing in comparison with that!"

My wrung spirit struggled to be free, and I was wonderfully sustained, replying, with a calmness which astonished myself, "You are right, Mrs. Danton; not even Basil Edmondstone's love may be placed in competition with that 'peace which passeth all understanding'—a conscience lightened of a heavy burden—the 'sunshine within' I was told of when a girl, but which as yet has shed but little illumination on my unhappy life."

The memory of happy childhood's hours arose vividly before my excited imagination as I uttered

the well-remembered words, and I was transported back to other days. I heard a voice retreating in the distance exclaim—"Adieu, Lady Marjory; 'Countess May' no longer!" The rocks and woods reëchoed the sound—"Countess May no longer!" and I stood alone, with the quiet stars looking down upon me. Was it an illusion of the senses, or had all this really happened? Was a load of care removed from off my heart, even while I was separated by an impassable barrier from him I loved? Yes, it was reality; for though bewildered and agitated, genial tears flowed forth, with supplications and thanksgiving to Him who had removed from me a great affliction. I supplicated for strength to bear my approaching trial—above all, praying earnestly for the fulfilment of Mrs. Danton's promise. Yet I loved Basil Edmondstone as few in this world have ever loved; but he himself had warned me not to trust to my own strength, but to pray for strength from above—and who ever offered up such petitions in vain?

It were tedious to dwell on subsequent hours and days of suspense and weariness; of Basil's wounded heart when I postponed our marriage indefinitely, giving no reason, but entreating him not to judge me harshly, but to wait for coming events. He saw my restless anxiety, and he tenderly intreated me to confide my sorrows to him; then, then, Inez Danton, you were revenged indeed, as I silently turned away, though my full heart yearned to pour itself out at his feet. "Remember your oath" seemed traced on the blue skies, and on the summer flowers; the birds of the air reëchoing and prolonging the admonition with a dismal wail.

The allotted month had nearly expired—but two days more remained—and my rebellious heart was so treacherous, that lurking hope actually found its way there, for truly the "spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak." Hapless Marjory! Human love was strong, and conscience slumbered; but, praised be God, events are not in our own hands, and I received the promised missive, appointing the next day for the ratification of Mrs. Danton's part of the contract. I set off to keep the fateful tryst alone, unknown to Basil Edmondstone, as I had stipulated. I stood on the beach, the waves curling and foaming at my feet, watching the approach of a small skiff which had put off from a foreign-looking barque in the offing. There were two persons in it, one of them a child. My heart throbbed to agony, the booming waters hymning a funereal dirge over buried love, and I clasped the restored boy wildly to my breast. I held him at arm's length; I contemplated his blooming beauty; the "sunshine within" chased the dark shadows away, and the funereal dirge was changed to angelic songs of joy!

CHAPTER VIII.

It is easy to look back upon fifteen years, to recall the prominent features which stand distinctly forward, and to sum up those thousand trivial occurrences which, for pleasure or pain, constitute the aggregate of daily life. But were we desired to retrace our feelings step by step, to record minutely the joys or sorrows which have changed or warped our hearts, the task would be a difficult, nay, hopeless one. I might describe the delighted amazement of Mrs. Edmondstone and Basil on my return to Edenside with the dead restored to life; of the questions unanswered; of the painful mystery shrouding the transaction; and, finally, the

terrible ending of all, when I told Basil that I never could be his.

He never doubted my affection, and I was sustained by that belief; he trusted and believed me when I affirmed it was unchangeable, a fatal barrier interposing to prevent our union. His glance rested on the child; mine had done so involuntarily; I had no explanation to offer, but I earnestly assured him that, were such in my power, he would not condemn the course I had adopted. He divined somewhat very near the truth; but the exact truth was too wild and startling for imagination to conjure up distinctly; nor did he consent to the dissolution of our engagement without making strenuous efforts to fathom the mystery of my conduct. The struggles, the tortures I endured during that season of probation are indescribable; for Basil, noble and excellent in every respect, was but human, and it was a hard ease for him; and when he complained in bitterness of spirit, I wept in silence and agony.

There was a strange, deep love springing up betwixt the child and myself. I could not bear him out of my sight; my eyes literally devoured him; while he returned my anxious care with a clinging tenderness and docility which made me often wonder how I could ever have hated such a fair and promising creature. No longer fractious or sickly, the sojourn among his Spanish captors had restored bloom to his rounded cheeks and strength to his symmetrical limbs; no longer pampered or spoiled, he was a brave, spirited, but obedient little fellow. They had truthfully shielded him from evil; and when I fondled his golden locks, and his bright blue eyes closed in happy slumbers, I bent over the cherub, remembering with a shudder Mrs. Danton's dark threat in the pine wood. At those moments I forgot even Basil Edmondstone's disappointment.

Cecil became a ward in Chancery, though I, as next of kin, continued his natural guardian or "nursing mother." I pass over the unnecessary and troublesome details of the law, the identification of the heir, and complication of the affairs, whose settlement afforded much pleasant work for honorable brethren of the long robe. We continued to dwell at Edenside; but though a short ten miles from Barley Wood, Basil Edmondstone and I were as strangers and pilgrims in the world. We seldom met; for, loving each other as we did, it was hard to be something more than friends, and less than lovers! Yet Basil, by his superior judgment and well-timed advice, materially assisted in superintending the earl's education and pursuits, while the sweet boy's love for Basil almost rivalled that which he cherished for me.

Fifteen years! Yes, there were many tedious weeks and months in those years, despite the dearly purchased peace of mind. To be so near, yet so far apart! to say cold, conventional "how d'ye do's" and "good-by's," when we were one in heart—the secret between us unexplained! This state of things perhaps made the lines of time be more deeply traced on Basil's open brow, and the silver threads meander in my brown hair sooner than age demanded.

As to dear, worthy Mrs. Edmondstone, she was puzzled and provoked, and never fully forgave me; openly declaring, however, that "that wretch, Mrs. Danton, was at the bottom of it all." She endeavored to make Basil's home a cheerful and happy one, and I doubt whether he would have

been better off during those fifteen years had I been his wife; at least, I once told him so, and he smiled and said, "T is easy to look back when we have attained the summit of our desires; but a steep road always in prospect makes it painful for the weary wayfarer to ascend."

I heard from Mrs. Edmondstone that Basil had departed for the metropolis on a hasty summons to attend the sick-bed of his former pupil, Lord Morley, who was dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

A correspondence and firm friendship had continued between Lord Morley and Basil. Old Lady Morley was dead, but her son trod in his mother's steps—his public career and private fortune and time being devoted to the amelioration of human misery in all its varied forms. Lord Morley's recovery was tedious, and Basil having left a competent substitute at Barley Wood to discharge his ministerial duties, consented to remain another week with his friend, who thankfully deputed him as his almoner on many charitable errands. One of these was to seek out the abode of some destitute foreign exiles, victims of revolutionary violence, who had solicited aid in their extremity; officers of rank were among them, with their wives and children, perishing of cold and hunger in a strange land; unable to procure employment, but willing enough to toil at the meanest drudgery could they have found it. White, slender hands were outstretched for food; and fairy feet, once scarce pressing the ground for "very delicateness," now bare and toil-worn.

In a close, dingy alley, amid the intricacies of lanes near Leicester Square, Basil entered a confined tenement, ruinous from neglect, and, ascending to the garrets, inquired for Captain T—. A woman pointed to a half-open door, at which Basil knocked, when a young man presented himself, whom the visitor rightly conjectured to be the individual he sought; for, notwithstanding poverty, squalor, and untrimmed moustache and beard of many days' growth, the stamp of "gentleman" was still distinguishable, as, gracefully bowing, he ushered Basil into the interior of the miserable apartment.

A dirty little child was crawling about the floor, while, from a bed in one corner, whose curtains were closed, the faint cry of an infant proceeded. They conversed in French, and the exile informed Basil that his wife was just confined of her second babe, (they had only been married three years,) and that, owing to privation, her situation was so critical, as to admit of no hope of her rallying from the fever which had attacked and nearly consumed its victim.

The gentleman appeared a mild, amiable person, and he assured Basil Edmondstone that his wife's ravings were frightful in the extreme; he feared that she had some painful secret pressing on her mind, and disturbing her last hours; and, adding that she had been high-spirited and unbending when in health, Basil did not draw an inference favorable to the poor man's wedded felicity.

However, in Lord Morley's name, Basil requested that nothing might be left undone for the sufferer's immediate relief, so far as human aid could go. He was still speaking, when a shriek issuing from the bed caused him to look round, and he saw the curtains withdrawn violently by the sick woman, who was leaning forward with eyes that shone like stars from out the deathly pallor of her face. She screamed rather than spoke—

"Whose voice is that? 'T is his!—'t is his! Basil Edmondstone, come near, or you will be too late! I am dying—come near, or you will be too late!"

Basil approached, for even then, in that awful hour, changed, dying, he recognized Inez Danton. Her cheeks were hollow, and the rounded lines of youth were gone; but the hectic of fever lent an unearthly glow to the countenance, and the large wild eyes flung over the whole a perfect blaze of beauty. The shock of his sudden appearance seemed to have been too much for her feeble reason; incoherent exclamations succeeded the wanderings of delirium; but again she was calm, and more faintly ejaculated—"Come near, or it will be too late!" Basil bent over the bed.

"Has she kept her covenant with me? Are you married?" she continued.

"I know not what covenant you mean," replied Basil mildly; "and I am not married."

"Is Lady Marjory St. Just married?"

"No; she also remains single," answered Basil.

"Do you still love each other?" said the dying woman, placing her thin hand on Basil's arm, and fixing her wild eyes on his.

"We do," was the low but distinct reply.

Her eyes slowly fell, a spasm convulsed her face, and a strange expression struggled with the calming power of death. But these were only momentary. She raised her eyes once more; and while her features softened almost into a smile, she said—

"Then listen: tell her that she is absolved from her oath; that I release her; that she is free to confess all! Tell her that Inez Danton died a penitent; for O, Basil, darkness is closing around me, and on the deathbed revenge and jealousy are obliterated and forgotten; mercy and forgiveness are all we care for!"

She never spoke coherently again; and ere morning light dawned, the once gay and beautiful Inez Danton was no more—the dead babe sleeping on its mother's bosom.

She had run a race of profligacy in her native land, until at length a young, handsome and prosperous man, fascinated and blinded by her allurements, made her his wife. Political reverses were at hand, and, with many others, they were compelled to fly, seeking an asylum in the country which has always proved a haven of refuge for the exile.

"Absolved from her oath—free to confess all!" These words rang in Basil Edmondstone's ears, chiming vague promises of hope and joy. An overruling Providence was manifested in leading his steps to that death-chamber; never did he deem it chance, nor did I.

He came to Edenside; he conveyed to me Inez Danton's parting message. Ah! need I add how fully and freely I tendered my confession, or how gratefully he received it!

When I soon afterwards demurely hinted to Basil that I was too old to think of marrying now, (fifteen years had passed away since I had first promised to be his bride,) pointing out to his observation my silver threads, he paid so many flattering and gallant compliments about

The line of timeless snow,

that in self-defence I was obliged to return them in kind. And in truth mine were not undeserved; for Basil was one of those men whose appearance is improved by years—their figures acquiring only

dignity, and their features only precision, from age. About myself I ought to say less; and yet I will candidly admit that I grew a good deal younger after marriage; that the fifteen years of weariness and mystery appeared to have been gradually blotted from my life; and that therefore my union with Basil can only be reasonably counted from the time when I promised to be his. When we did at last grow old, we grew old together, and had therefore no invidious comparisons to draw. Even the young Earl of Mertoun is a young man in the prime of life, with a charming countess by his side, and children growing up at their knees. He

is beloved in private life, and felt, in the influence of virtue and intelligence, in the councils of his country. This doubtless carries forward the view through a good many years, and the reader will consider that Lady Marjory Edmondstone, *née* St. Just, is by this time a somewhat elderly dame, and her husband verging towards patriarchal honors. It may be so. All I know is, that although our snowy heads show traces of many a winter frost, our loving hearts retain the "sunshine within," which warms and cheers when the departing light of day is fast waning in the west.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

GERMAN IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ONE of our exchanges in a neighboring state suggests that the German language is wholly neglected in the public schools, notwithstanding its numerous and increasing German population; and that the Board of Education ought to adopt some measures for rendering the German language "accessible to the mass of citizens." We object to all this in principle and detail, and advise said Board of Education to take no such steps, but to take every step in their power to render *English* accessible to the mass of German and all other foreign citizens. We have spoken upon this subject heretofore, whenever a proposition was made in Congress to print the President's message in any foreign language. And we have frequently spoken against the practice of our own state government of printing the laws and other public documents in German as well as English. And we shall continue to oppose any such project, whenever, and wherever, and however, and by whomever it may be offered.

This proposition comprehends either the preservation of the German among the Germans, or the diffusion of German among the Americans. In either case, our language would be Babelized, and the people would soon find difficulties in understanding each other. If German be taught in any public schools, the German children will be sent to no others, and thus will lose at least one of their present and most important means of learning English. And if German be taught with English in the schools attended by American or English or Scottish or Irish children, all four of these, whose mother tongue is English, will soon speak German to Germans; and thus the latter will lose another and principal mode of learning English. They will therefore grow up like a large portion of our German population, especially in Berks and Lancaster counties, or like the Dutch of New York State in Albany and Dutchess counties, entirely ignorant of any languages but those brought over two centuries ago by their ancestors. Against all this we interpose a decided negative. With a foreign population from all parts of Europe, continually increasing, our policy should be the fusion of all into one people, with one character, and consequently one interest; and the most powerful aid to this is *one language*. We have already too many points of repulsion in difference of minor interests; and hence we have quarrels enough about slavery and anti-slavery, North and South, Nativeism and foreign influence. Pennsylvania has its jealousies of political influence between Germans and non-

Germans; New York the same between Dutch and non-Dutch; and several other states are in progress to be cursed with Irish and anti-Irish parties. Nothing but unity of language and the great preponderance of English or Anglo-American character have prevented these jealousies from being carried to still greater lengths. Among our Anglo-American population, yet an overwhelming majority, the uniformity of language and character is extraordinary. If thousands be brought together from all the states in the Union, not one in five hundred can indicate the section, especially the state, of any other; and then only by some trifling local expressions. All speak English with the same idiom and accent, and exhibit the same traits of character. Can this be found in England? Each county there has its dialect in accent and idiom, and to a great extent in vocabulary; and the Irish, Scots and Welsh, differ in *their* English as much from each other, as they do from the English proper. In France, each of the old provinces has its *Patois*, or jargon. The same thing is found in Italy, Spain and Germany. In the latter, the multitude of universities and schools preserves some uniformity of language, but far less than is found in the English of the American States. Switzerland has three common languages, French, German, Italian, all corrupted. We regard this unity of language and character among the Anglo-American population, as a great conservative principle; and we ascribe the uniformity of character to the uniformity of language. And where no efforts are made to maintain foreign languages, like the injudicious efforts in Pennsylvania, and the want of efforts to the contrary in New York, the children of all foreigners grow up thoroughly *Anglo-fied*, entirely undistinguishable from Americans of English origin. What continental European, who has grown up from childhood in any state of New England, has any European accent, or any other character or feeling than Anglo-American? Not one. And how many in Berks county, whose German parents came over a hundred and fifty years ago, or in Albany county, whose Dutch parents came over two hundred and twenty-five years ago, can now speak English at all? Not every one by many thousands.

Therefore, we say, let us have no provision in common schools for perpetuating foreign languages among our settled population. Let such schools be the temples in which the children of all foreign parents can be transformed into Americans. We care not how much foreign languages are studied by Americans. But let our common schools be the grand instruments for rearing the rising generation, of whatever origin, into American citizens.

From the Spectator.

MRS. JAMESON'S LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL account of the lives of the Saints, or a history of the Monastic Orders, has yet to be written, and probably will long remain unwritten. The extensive learning, a knowledge of the various arts that the historian must possess—agriculture, floriculture, architecture, painting, illumination, caligraphy, and many others which the monks improved, or restored—may be acquired by laborious will. The varied genius, the opposite qualities of mind necessary to appreciate justly and display successfully the opposite characteristics of different men in different ages, is among the rarest gifts of nature. The utilitarian, who can best admire the hardy reclaimers of fen, moor, mountain or forest, piously granted to the church because they were not worth secular keeping, will look coldly on the sometimes misguided zeal of men who labored, as he will think, to substitute one form of superstition for another, and did not always limit themselves to pious frauds. The scholar, who remembers how much learning is indebted to the religious orders for their preservation of the classics, will also remember how much they have destroyed, and how often "Livy's pictured page" and others of equal value have been erased to make way for some "lying legend." The mind which can best sympathize with the devout feeling and catholic Christianity of many monks, even in the darkest times, will be the most deeply shocked at the priestly pride, the personal ambition, the secular objects, the reckless disregard of truth, and, too often, the gross immorality, which have upon the whole distinguished the Romish clergy. Those who feel grateful for what the monks, did for original learning, will be inclined most severely to judge their interested opposition to literature when it got beyond their leading-strings, and the manner in which they would have strangled science and philosophy for church purposes, and kept the mind of man in cloistered darkness. The vivacious genius that could most effectively bring out the follies, the absurdities, the carnal grossnesses, of saintly wrestlings and saintly miracles, would less clearly recognize the resolute will and daring self-struggles of many recluses; it could not apprehend the ardent devotion and spiritual love of the mystics, even if it did not altogether pervert the unctuous passion. Shakspeare, in his perfect combination of the intellectual and imaginative faculties, seems alone to have been equal to the task. The next approach that we know of is the varied genius which produced the Dunciad, the Letter to Abelard, the Moral Epistles, and the Rape of the Lock.

The object of Mrs. Jameson would have prevented her from writing a complete history of the Monastic Orders, even had her faculties been more

fitted for its execution than a woman's can naturally be. But her Legends are an agreeable substitute for it, and very much better than an indifferent history. This lady has reading enough to embrace the general extent of her subject, and she has realized her book learning by visits to many of the places she has to speak of, and by actual inspection of many of the pictures and religious houses she has to describe. She possesses practical philosophy sufficient to appreciate fully the substantial benefits the monks have bestowed upon the world in the useful arts, and in advancing personal if not civil freedom. It is her direct business to describe their merits as artists and as patrons of art. Her feminine feelings enable her to enter into the devout or the mystic devotion that thousands of the professed have really felt, and to put the best construction on the warmth of spiritual love. If she passes over the foul and filthy in asceticism, and touches very gently on the cruelty of fanaticism, or the false in the legendary, the omission may be regarded as a merit in a book intended for the drawingroom as well as for the library. The sacrifice to critical truth in making the virtues so much more prominent than the errors or the crimes, may raise a similar set-off; but the true justification is to be found in the professed end of the writer, which was to make monastic legends as exhibited in art the main feature of her book. In strictness, the leading orders of Benedictines, Augustines, Dominicans, and Franciscans, with their numerous divisions and subdivisions, or the lives and characters of their founders and most distinguished members, should figure in "Legends of the Monastic Orders as represented in the Fine Arts," not according to their importance in ecclesiastical or religious history, but their frequency and promineney in religious pictures. That this rule has not been rigidly observed by Mrs. Jameson, and that the reader has a general view of the various Orders, with biographical sketches of their founders and of eminent saints, is a gain despite any critical objection founded on the professed plan.

The volume forms part of a series, the first of which was devoted to legends of Angels, Apostles, Fathers, Martyrs, Patron Saints, Bishops, Hermits, Warrior Saints, and the Magdalen; the second is occupied with the Monastic Orders; a third will contain the Madonna. After an introduction on the scope and philosophy of the subject, the plan of the present work is to give a sketch of the orders with their sub-orders, and the biography of the founders, followed by that of the principal members; the intrinsic interest of the life being as much as anything else a determining element of the scale. Interwoven with or affixed to each life there is much symbolic and artistical matter. The reader is instructed as to the proper dress and accompanying signs that should and generally do discriminate one person from another; a critical account is given of the most remarkable pictures in which the saint appears; and when a series of life-pictures has been painted, exhibiting the leading incidents of his career, the most complete is se-

* Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in the Fine Arts. Forming the Second Series of Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Published by Longman and Co.

lected for description. By this means, the book accomplishes several purposes. It furnishes a good introduction for those who wish to pursue the study of monastic history or monastic art; it provides a clear, rapid, and elegantly-written account of both subjects, for readers to whom a popular compendium is sufficient; and it will form a superior artistical guide-book to those who are about to make an intelligent tour, pointing out as it does some of the highest or most curious pictures in the churches or collections of France, Italy, and Spain.

"How can we reason but from what we know?" and as many of us know very little, our notions of anything beyond our experience are generally erroneous, false, or at best abstract. In forming an opinion of contemporary circumstances, which are placed beyond the range of our personal knowledge, our ideas are frequently altogether exaggerated or absurd—as the "radical at a white heat" touching the aristocracy, or the anti-slavery people with regard to the virtues and capabilities of the blacks. Of remote ages, the mass cannot form any idea at all; and philosophy—as the cold philosophy of the last century—is sometimes mistaken. It requires both knowledge and imagination to judge justly of a state of things so widely differing from our own. Hence the necessity for caution in forming an opinion, and the utility of critical remark in the midst of narrative to guide the reader to a right conclusion. Few things have subjected the monks to more censure from the utilitarian school, than the lavish almsgiving of the monasteries; yet it was a blessing to the darkest times, and a choice of evils to a much later date.

To understand and to sympathize with the importance attached to almsgiving, and the prominence given to this particular aspect of charity in the old pictures, we must recall a social condition very different from our own; a period when there were no poor-laws; when the laws for the protection of the lower classes were imperfect, and perpetually violated; when for the wretched there was absolutely no resource but in private beneficence. In those days a man began his religious vocation by a literal and practical application of the text in Scripture—"Sell all thou hast and distribute to the poor." The laws against debtors were then very severe; and the proximity of the Moors on one side, and the Turks on the other, rendered slavery a familiar thing. In all the maritime and commercial cities of Italy and Spain, brotherhoods existed for the manumission of slaves and debtors. Charitable confraternities performed then, and in Italy perform now, many duties left to our police, or which we think we fulfil in paying our poor-rates. These duties of charity shine in the monastic pictures, and were conspicuous on the walls of churches, I am persuaded to good purpose. Among the most interesting of the canonized saints whose stories I have related in reference to art, are the founders of the charitable brotherhoods; and among the most beautiful and celebrated pictures were those painted for these communities; for instance, for the Misericordia in Italy, the various Scuole at Venice, the Merced and the Caridad in Spain, and for the numerous hospitals for the sick, the houseless travellers, the poor, and the penitent

women (*donne convertite*.) All these institutions were adorned with pictures, and in the oratories and chapels appended to them the altar-piece generally set forth some beneficent saint—St. Roch, or St. Charles Borromeo, the patrons of the plague-stricken; or St. Cosmo and St. Damian, the saintly apothecaries; or St. Leonard, the protector of captives and debtors; or that friend of the wretched, St. Juan de Dios, or the benign St. Elizabeth; either standing before us as objects of devout reverence, or kneeling at the feet of the Madonna and her Son, and commending to the divine mercy "all such as are any ways afflicted in mind, body, or estate."

There is perhaps somewhat too much of bright coloring, or an absence of shade, in the following resumé of the history of the Benedictines; but it furnishes a good idea of Mrs. Jameson's style, and of her toleration.

The effigies of the Benedictines are interesting and suggestive under three points of view.

First, as the early missionaries of the north of Europe, who carried the light of the gospel into those wilds of Britain, Gaul, Saxony, Belgium, where heathenism still solemnized impure and inhuman rites; who, with the gospel, carried also peace and civilization, and became the refuge of the people, of the serfs, the slaves, the poor, the oppressed, against the feudal tyrants and military spoilers of those barbarous times.

Secondly, as the sole depositaries of learning and the arts through several centuries of ignorance; as the collectors and transcribers of books, when a copy of the Bible was worth a king's ransom. Before the invention of printing, every Benedictine abbey had its library and its scriptorium, or writing-chamber, where silent monks were employed from day to day, from month to month, in making transcripts of valuable works, particularly of the Scriptures. These were either sold for the benefit of the convent, or bestowed as precious gifts, which brought a blessing equally to those who gave and those who received. Not only do we owe to them the multiplication and diffusion of copies of the Holy Scriptures—we are indebted to them for the preservation of many classical remains of inestimable value; for instance, of the whole or the greater portion of the works of Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero. They were the fathers of Gothic architecture; they were the earliest illuminators and limners; and, to crown their deservings under this head, the inventor of the gamut, and the first who instituted a school of music, was a Benedictine monk, Guido d'Arezzo.

Thirdly, as the first agriculturists who brought intellectual resources, calculation, and science to bear on the cultivation of the soil; to whom we owe experimental farming and gardening, and the introduction of a variety of new vegetables, fruits, &c. M. Guizot styles the Benedictines "*les défricheurs de l'Europe*;" wherever they carried the cross they carried also the plough. It is true that there were among them many who preferred study to manual labor; neither can it be denied that the "sheltering leisure" and "sober plenty" of the Benedictine monasteries sometimes administered to indolence and subordination, and that the cultivation of their domains was often abandoned to their farmers and vassals.

The annalists of the Benedictine order proudly reckon up the worthies it has produced since its first foundation in 529; viz., 40 popes, 200 car-

dinals, 50 patriarchs, 1,600 archbishops, 4,600 bishops, and 3,600 canonized saints. It is a more legitimate source of pride that "by their order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of modern Europe."

Thus, then, the Benedictines may be regarded as in fact the thinkers and writers, the artists, the farmers, and the schoolmasters of mediæval Europe: and this brief and imperfect sketch of their enlightened and enlightening influence is given here merely as an introduction to the artistic treatment of characters and subjects connected with them. All the Benedictine worthies who figure in art are more or less interesting. As for the legendary stories and wonders by which their real history has been perplexed and disfigured, even these are not without value as illustrative of the morals and manners of the times in which they were published and represented; while the vast area of civilization over which these representations extend, and the curious traits of national and individual character exemplified in the variety of treatment, open to us as we proceed many sources of thoughtful sympathy with the past, and of speculation on the possible future.

The critically descriptive parts of the book, and the accounts of the different dresses and various signs of the saints, are curious and interesting, but are less effective for quotation than biographical matter. For a specimen of Mrs. Jameson as a biographer, we select a portion of the Life of St. Benedict.

St. Benedict was born of a noble family, in the little town of Norcia, in the duchy of Spoleto, about the year 480. He was sent to Rome to study literature and science, and made so much progress as to give great hopes that he was destined to rise to distinction as a pleader; but, while yet a boy, he appears to have been deeply disgusted by the profligate manners of the youths who were his fellow-students; and the evil example around him, instead of acting as an allurements, threw him into the opposite extreme. At this period the opinions of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, with regard to the efficacy of solitude and penance, were still prevalent throughout the West: young Benedict's horror of the vicious lives of those around him, together with the influence of that religious enthusiasm which was the spirit of the age, drove him into a hermitage at the boyish age of fifteen.

On leaving Rome, he was followed by his nurse, who had brought him up from infancy, and loved him with extreme tenderness. This good woman—doubtful, perhaps, whether her young charge was out of his wits or inspired—waited on his steps, tended him with a mother's care, begged for him, and prepared the small portion of food which she could prevail upon him to take. But while thus sustained and comforted, Benedict did not believe his penance entire or effective: he secretly fled from his nurse, and concealed himself among the rocks of Subiaco, a wilderness about forty miles from Rome. He met there a hermit, whose name was Romano, to whom he confided his pious aspirations; and then took refuge in a cavern, (*il sagro Speco*), where he lived for three years unknown to his family and to the world, and supplied with food by the hermit. This food consisted merely of bread and water, which Romano abstracted from his own scanty fare.

In this solitary life Benedict underwent many temptations; and he relates that, on one occasion,

the recollection of a beautiful woman whom he had seen at Rome took such possession of his imagination as almost to overpower his virtue, so that he was on the point of rushing from his solitude to seek that face and form which haunted his morbid fancy and disturbed his dreams. He felt, however, or he believed, for such was the persuasion of the time, that this assault upon his constancy could only come from the enemy of mankind. In a crisis of these distracted desires, he rushed from his cave and flung himself into a thicket of briars and nettles, in which he rolled himself until the blood flowed. Thereupon the fiends left him, and he was never again assailed by the same temptation. They show, in the garden of the monastery at Subiaco, the rose-bushes which have been propagated from the very briars consecrated by this poetical legend.

The fame of the young saint now extended through all the country around; the shepherds and the poor villagers brought their sick to his cavern to be healed; others begged his prayers; they contended with each other who should supply the humble portion of food which he required; and a neighboring society of hermits sent to request that he would place himself at their head. He, knowing something of the morals and manners of this community, refused at first, and only yielded upon great persuasion, and in the hope that he might be able to reform the abuses which had been introduced into this monastery. But when there, the strictness of his life filled these perverted men with envy and alarm; and one of them attempted to poison him in a cup of wine. Benedict, on the cup being presented to him, blessed it as usual, making the sign of the cross; the cup instantly fell from the hands of the traitor, was broken, and its contents spilt on the ground. (This is a scene often represented in the Benedictine convents.) He thereupon rose up, and telling the monks that they must provide themselves with another superior, left them and returned to his solitary cave at Subiaco; where, to use the strong expression of St. Gregory, he dwelt with himself—meaning thereby, that he did not allow his spirit to go beyond the bounds that he had assigned to it, keeping it always in presence of his conscience and his God.

But now Subiaco could no longer be styled a desert, for it was crowded with the huts and cells of those whom the fame of his sanctity, his virtues, and his miracles, had gathered around him. At length, in order to introduce some kind of discipline and order into this community, he directed them to construct twelve monasteries, in each of which he placed twelve disciples with a superior over them. Many had come from Rome and from other cities, and amongst others came two Roman senators, Ancius and Tertullus, men of high rank, bringing to him their sons, Maurus and Placidus, with an earnest request that he would educate them in the way of salvation. Maurus was at this time a boy of about eleven or twelve years old, and Placidus a child not more than five. Benedict took them under his peculiar care, and his community continued for several years to increase in number and celebrity, in brotherly charity, and in holiness of life. But, of course, the enemy of mankind could not long endure a state of things so inimical to his power: he instigated a certain priest, whose name was Florentius, and who was enraged by seeing his disciples and followers attracted by the superior virtue and humility of St. Benedict, to endeavor to blacken his reputation, and even to attempt his life by means of a poisoned loaf; and

this not availing, Florentius introduced into one of the monasteries seven young women, in order to corrupt the chastity of his monks. Benedict, whom we have always seen much more inclined to fly from evil than to resist it, departed from Subiaco; but scarcely had he left the place, when his disciple, Maurus, sent a messenger to tell him that his enemy, Florentius, had been crushed by the fall of a gallery of his house. Benedict, far from rejoicing, wept for the fate of his adversary, and imposed a severe penance on Maurus for an expression of triumph at the judgment that had overtaken their enemy.

Paganism was not yet so completely banished from Italy but that there existed in some of the solitary places temples and priests and worshippers of the false gods. It happened (and the case is not without parallel in our own times) that while the bishops of Rome were occupied in extending the power of the church, and preaching Christianity in far distant nations, a nest of idolators existed within a few miles of the capital of Christendom. In a consecrated grove, near the summit of Monte Cassino, stood a temple of Apollo, where the god, or, as he was then regarded, the demon, was still worshipped with unholy rites.

Benedict had heard of this abomination: he repaired therefore to the neighborhood of Monte Cassino; he preached the kingdom of Christ to these deluded people; converted them by his eloquence and his miracles, and at length persuaded them to break the statue, throw down the altar, and burn up their consecrated grove. And on the spot he built two chapels, in honor of two saints whom he regarded as models, the one of the contemplative, the other of the active religious life—St. John the Baptist and St. Martin of Tours.

This volume is illustrated by plates drawn and etched by Mrs. Jameson, and sometimes, it may be said, compiled, so far as taking parts of a picture, or bringing together from various pictures two or more figures to illustrate the text. These plates not only prove the varied accomplishments of the fair artist-author, and illustrate the text by an exhibition to the eye, but give a character of dress to the volume, and serve in a small degree as contributions to the history of legendary religious art. There are also woodcuts that answer the same end.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, LL. D. Edinburgh: Constable. [Reprinted by Harper & Brothers.]

THE life of the great Scottish preacher deepens in instructiveness and interest. The first volume closed when Chalmers, in his thirty-fifth year, had left his ministry of Kilmany for that of the Tron Church at Glasgow; and the volume before us, occupying eight years, describes his ministry in Glasgow, the growth of his extraordinary popularity, the first great impression made in London by his preaching, the various public questions into the discussion of which he threw his energetic and hearty nature, and his final departure from Glasgow consequent on his acceptance of the chair of moral philosophy at St. Andrews.

There is an eloquent and elaborate passage towards the close of the volume, in which Doctor Hanna describes what he believes to have been the practical effect of the teaching of Doctor Chalmers in Glasgow. Contrasting the state of the city when he left it, with its condition when he went to reside there, his biographer attributes to those single efforts in the pulpit and through the press nothing less than a revolution in the national opinion and sentiment on matters of morality and "a vital energetic faith." Nor will the reader who examines this volume carefully be disposed to find exaggeration in the statement. There is something peculiarly "catching" in the enthusiasm of Chalmers. What Robert Hall was in his chapel, what Arnold was in his school, Chalmers carried into a wider sphere of action with as absolute a success. We do not think he was so profound or philosophical as Doctor Hanna esteems him to have been. He was not so remarkable for what he brought out of a subject from its own truth, as for what he flung into it from his own nature. He dealt with nothing to which he did not communicate a share of his own energetic vigor; and it was in this power of concentrating himself on whatever he took in hand, rather than on his exact discernment of its value in relation to wider truths, that the mental peculiarity of Chalmers consisted. It did not detract from this influence that it tended at times unduly to exalt or intensify the particular objects of his quest or care; for what would limit the power of the philosopher will enlarge that of the preacher or theologian. There was perfect truth and no exaggeration whatever, in Lord Jeffrey's comparison of Chalmers to Demosthenes. They had, in common, a most intense vigor, a resolute and irresistible persistence with the matter in hand, an overbearing and appalling energy.

I know not what it is, (said the greatest critic of our age, after hearing Dr. Chalmers upon this occasion,) but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard.

We will not raise the question of the sincerity of the Athenian orator, but that of the Scottish preacher was beyond all doubt or question. If ever mortal man was created with the hero and martyr spirit of belief, that spirit breathed and burned in Chalmers.

What I should like to realize is the feeling of being a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth—to shake off that obstinate delusion which binds me to the world as my home—to take up with eternity as my settled habitation—and transfer the wishes and the interests and the hopes which are so apt to grovel among the objects of a perishable scene, to the realities and the glories of Paradise.

But these avowals express merely the strong emotion which made religion so devout and vital in him. He was not the man to seek any divorce from the concerns of earth in attending to the concerns of heaven. His uniform object, pursued

with manly and most affecting zeal through every variety of circumstance and condition, was to make them one. There was nothing of which men were proud that he did not seek to ally to the service of God in some honorable and elevating way. How grand is this passage in one of his lectures, where he would enlist, in the cause of religion, all those aids and supports of eloquence and philosophy which religious men are too ready to disregard, in their too frequent inability to comprehend them, or estimate their value.

What I strongly contend for is, that in like manner as the Bible of Christianity should be turned into all languages, so the preaching of Christianity should be turned to meet the every style of conception and the every variety of taste or of prejudice which can be found in all the quarters of society. The proudest of her recorded distinctions is that she is the religion of the poor—that she can light up the hope of immortality in their humble habitations—that the toil-worn mechanic can carry her Sabbath lessons away with him, and, enriching his judgment and his memory with them all, can bear them through the week in one full treasury of comfort and improvement—that on the strength of her great and elevating principles a man in rags may become rich in faith, and looking forward through the vista of his earthly anticipations, can see on the other side of all the hardship and of all the suffering with which they are associated the reversion of a splendid eternity. Ay, my brethren, such a religion as this should be made to find its way into every cottage and to circulate throughout all the lanes and avenues of a crowded population, and the friend of the species might take it along with him to the tenements of want and of wretchedness, and knocking at every door where there is a human voice to bid him enter, he may rest assured that if charged with the message of the gospel, humanity in its rudest forms may hang upon his lips, and rejoice and be moralized by the utterance which flows from them. But, my brethren, while I would thus have the religion of the New Testament to send her penetrating influences through the great mass of the towns and families of the community, I would not have her to skulk in timid and suspicious distance from the proudest haunts either of wealth or of philosophy. I would have her to carry, as she well might, such a front of reason, and to lift such a voice of eloquence, and to fill her mouth with such a power and variety of argument, as should compel the most enlightened of the land to do her reverence. I would have her—with as firm and assured footstep as Paul ascended the hill of Areopagus, and amid the assembled literature of Athens drew an argument for the gospel from the poetry and the mythology of Athens—I would have her even now to make her fearless way through the halls and universities of modern Europe, and as she stood confronted with the erudition of academic men, I would have her to equal and to outvie them. O! tell me why it should be otherwise! Tell me why the majesty of truth should ever want an able advocate to assert and proclaim it, or why the recorded communication from God should ever want a defender of learning to vindicate its evidence and its history!

Another noble passage from his sermons quoted by Dr. Hanna we cannot resist quoting here. It

is the answer to an argument of infidelity derived from the discoveries of the telescope, and from the vast worlds so revealed, to which ours might seem but an atom unworthy of a scheme of redemption. With a happy inspiration it occurred to Dr. Chalmers to show, by the contrast of the microscope, that the glories and wonders of the Infinite were equal in both directions.

It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending. But about the time of its invention another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

Dr. Hanna thus describes the Tron church in Glasgow on the Thursdays when these sermons were delivered, and the subsequent success attending their publication.

The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse, was a most singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room, where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering, quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the "Herald" or the "Courier" were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont indeed upon those memorable days to

leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest exercises of the spirit; and, the low traffic of earth forgotten, heaven and its high economy, and its human sympathies and eternal interests, engrossed the mind at least and the fancy of congregated thousands. In January, 1817, this series of discourses was announced as ready for publication. It had generally been a matter of so much commercial risk to issue a volume of sermons from the press, that recourse had been often had in such cases to publication by subscription. Dr. Chalmers' publisher, Mr. Smith, had hinted that perhaps this method ought in this instance also to be tried. "It is far more agreeable to my feelings," Dr. Chalmers wrote to him a few days before the day of publication, "that the book should be introduced to the general market, and sell on the public estimation of it, than that the neighborhood here should be plied in all the shops with subscription papers, and as much as possible wrung out of their partialities for the author." Neither author nor publisher had at this time the least idea of the extraordinary success which was awaiting their forthcoming volume. It was published on the 28th of January, 1817. In ten weeks 6,000 copies had been disposed of, the demand showing no symptom of decline. Nine editions were called for within a year, and nearly 20,000 copies were in circulation. Never previously, nor ever since, has any volume of sermons met with such immediate and general acceptance. The "Tales of my Landlord" had a month's start in the date of publication, and even with such a competitor it ran an almost equal race. Not a few curious observers were struck with the novel competition, and watched with lively curiosity how the great Scottish preacher and the great Scottish novelist kept for a whole year so nearly abreast of one another. It was, besides, the first volume of sermons which fairly broke the lines which had separated too long the literary from the religious public. Its secondary merits won audience for it in quarters where evangelical Christianity was nauseated and despised. It disarmed even the keen hostility of Hazlitt, and kept him for a whole forenoon spell-bound beneath its power. "These sermons," he says, "ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering places, were laid in the windows of inns, and were to be met with in all places of public resort. * * * We remember finding the volume in the orchard of the inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading it without quitting the shade of an apple tree." The attractive volume stole an hour or two from the occupation of the greatest statesman and orator of the day. "Canning," says Sir James Mackintosh, "told me that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers; so is Bobus, whose conversion is thought the greatest proof of victory. Canning says there are most magnificent passages in his 'Astronomical Sermons.'"

The biographer (who, we must remark in passing, is wrong in supposing that there were two Bobus Smiths) completes his picture of the admiration thus excited by Chalmers in the highest intellectual quarters by a most interesting description of the enthusiasm called forth by his appearance in the pulpits of London. We cannot quote

this, but there is a little anecdote connected with it which the reader would not forgive us for omitting.

Amid all this excitement, which of course would be greatest among Dr. Chalmers' own countrymen, there was at least one Scotchman in London who continued quite unmoved. His own brother James never once went to hear him preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir created had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem coffee-house. "Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?" "Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him." "And what did you think of him?" "Very little indeed," was the reply. "Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "when did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born."

In other portions of the volume Mr. James Chalmers again occurs. First, in a characteristic notice of himself—

It is very near forty-seven years since I first left Scotland, and nearly thirty-five since I was in it at all. I have not been in a Mason's Lodge since the present century commenced; it is upwards of thirty-two years since I was on horseback; it is thirty-two years since I heard a minister of the Established Church of Scotland preach; it is twenty-three years since I saw the sea; it is sixteen years since I was at a greater distance from London than eight miles; and I have not now a single relation living upon the face of the earth whose house I ever was in in my life.

And afterwards in an illustrative note by Doctor Hanna, not less characteristic.

Inheriting the punctuality and the parental torism, James carried both of them to an extreme degree. In balancing his private receipts and disbursements at the close of a year, one penny more than he could account for appeared to have been spent; that penny cost him weeks and months of uneasiness, till, crossing one of the London bridges, which he had occasion to cross once a year, and on which there was a penny toll, he suddenly remembered that twelve months before he had paid a penny there which he had not entered in his books. Under the excitement of the moment he adjourned to a neighboring coffee-house, and dedicated a foaming draught of porter to the great discovery. After the passing of the reform bill, to which he was greatly opposed, he addressed the following note to the collector of the assessed taxes:—"I hereby give you notice that I refuse to pay all further rates and taxes until after the 21st of July next, my sole object in so doing being to render myself ineligible to be registered as a voter, for I happen to be one of those who do not consider the privilege (if it may be so called) to be worth the shilling you charge for it, neither do I feel myself competent to judge of the fitness of a person to serve in Parliament, and therefore leave my share of it to the more enlightened. All other payments except those due in April you can have punctually to a day.

To this somewhat dry and mechanical side of Scotch character let us give an equally amusing development of its powers of unbounded attach-

ment, more amiable but not greatly more agreeable, in the person of an old lady devotee whom Doctor Hanna has niched into another of his notes. He is speaking of Chalmers' regard for particular tunes in the religious service :—

Scarborough was the chief favorite, scarcely a Sabbath passing in which the precentor did not get specific instructions to close the services by singing it; and they were once opened by it in St. John's in rather a singular manner. A half-witted woman, who was a most faithful attendant on Dr. Chalmers' ministry, seized the opportunity, and, as soon as the first line of the psalm had been given out from the pulpit, struck up the favorite tune. The precentor had no time given him to interfere, and so well and so powerfully was his office performed for him that he wisely let her singing stand for his own, and struck in at the second line of the psalm. This woman's extreme love for the ministry turned at last into an extreme love for the person of Dr. Chalmers, a love which became with her an absorbing passion. She firmly believed it to be returned. "Mrs. Chalmers folk said was his wife, but she kent better, and so did the doctor himself." At first she had been perfectly harmless, and had been freely admitted to the church, but now, persecuted by all kinds of strange attentions from her, and alarmed as to what her singular passion for him might tempt her to do, Dr. Chalmers was seized with a nervous terror of her. One Sabbath, when the church was very crowded, she had got up to the top step of the pulpit stair. Dr. Chalmers entered the pulpit without noticing her, but, on turning round, there she was by his side. "John," said he to the beadle, shrinking back to the furthest side of the pulpit in extreme terror—"John, I must be delivered conclusively from that woman." She was now forbid access to the church, as the very sight of her disturbed him. Nevertheless she faithfully attended in Macfarlane Street, and when she could not get near to him she would stand wiping with her handkerchief the froth off the mouth of the horse which had carried him to church. At one time she was seized with the dread that he did not get enough to eat at home. Coming upon him once unexpectedly at the corner of a street, "Come, doctor, do come, and get a plate of parritch; I hae fine meal the noo." As he would not take the food that she thought so necessary at her house, she resolved to carry it to his own. One evening, at Kensington Place, the servant, on opening the door, was surprised by a large round bundle, covered with a red handkerchief, being thrown into the lobby. On unwrapping it, it was found to contain oat cakes and sheep's trotters, for the special sustentation of the minister. On his return to Glasgow, a year after going to St. Andrews, he entered the house of one of his elders in great agitation;—"Mr. Thomson," he said "that daft woman is in pursuit of me. Can you not carry me to my brother's by some way that she cannot track our path?" Mr. Thomson undertook and executed the commission; but they had not been long gone when she appeared at the door with a large jug of curds and cream, nor would she be satisfied till Mrs. Thomson had taken her through all the rooms of the house to convince her that Dr. Chalmers was not there.

Before we close the volume we will take a glimpse of Chalmers among his children :—

Mr. Thomson and Mr. Heggie, an elder and a

deacon, went out one evening to Kensington Place, where Dr. Chalmers was living, to speak to him about some parish matters. They found him on the floor busy playing at bowls with his children. "Come away, Mr. Heggie," he exclaimed, when they entered, without changing however his position, "you can tell us how this game ought to be played." Elder and deacon, minister and children, were soon all busy at the game together. "This is not the way," said Mr. Thomson, "we used to play bowls in Galloway." "Come along, then," said Dr. Chalmers, "let us see what the Galloway plan is." And to it they set again with keener relish than ever, till Mrs. Chalmers at last said, "What a fine paragraph it will make for the 'Chronicle' to-morrow, that Dr. Chalmers, and one of his elders, and one of his deacons, were seen last night playing for a whole hour at marbles!" "Well, really," said Dr. Chalmers, starting up, "it is too bad in us, gentlemen, we must stop." Two hours of useful and instructive conversation followed, not made in any way the less so by the manner in which they were ushered in.

Our last extract is from his correspondence with Wilberforce on public matters during the period of the Sidmouth disturbances.

I quite agree with you as to education. No system of coercion can prevent demagogues from obtaining it; and a few of them are far more formidable when operating on the soil of general ignorance among the population. The true way of disarming them of their influence is to educate the people up to them. And it is all in confirmation of this that our cotton-spinners, with good wages, were greatly more disaffected and mischievous than our weavers with bad wages. There is less of scholarship among the former than the latter, for a reason which you will easily perceive. They go early to cotton-mills, and have no command of their own hours afterwards. Weavers have that command, and there is a better rate of education among them than the others. * * * The most tranquilizing measure that Parliament could adopt would be the abolition of the corn bill. The next would be the repeal of the cottage-tax, and such other taxes as bear hard on the necessities of life. Let the deficiency be made up by an income-tax. I trust there will be no bankruptcy, however partial. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* I trust that faith will be kept with our national creditors. So long as the upper and middling class have such a command over business, we have not yet attained to the limit of our resources. A five per cent. income-tax would enable government to make a number of popular, and I may add moral commutations, covering I should suppose the whole loss incurred by the cottage, salt, and butter tax, and by the abolition of the lottery. I yesterday saw one of our sheriffs for the populous country of Renfrew, and he assures me that in the cases which come before him for ordinary crime among the young he notices a very sensible decline of education.

Doctor Hanna's biography is printed uniformly with the edition of the *Posthumous Works*, for which we have already been indebted for the enterprise and care of Mr. Constable. The entire series, when complete, will be one of the most beautiful and valuable of all existing publications connected with religion, and true religious example.

From the Spectator.

M'CULLOCH AND MACLAREN ON CHOLERA.*

DR. M'CULLOCH is assistant surgeon to the second Life Guards, and Mr. Maclaren appears to have been surgeon to the Union of Plympton St. Mary, Devonshire. In each position these practitioners have had opportunities of personally observing cholera; Dr. M'Culloch when it prevailed last year in the regiment; Mr. Maclaren in the Union of Plympton, among whose poor and prejudiced population its ravages were much more fatal than in the fine-constituted, regularly fed, and more health-controlled men of the household troops. Besides deductions from actual disease, as witnessed by these authors, their treatise contains some speculations and suggestions. There is a *logical* view of the cause of cholera, founded more on general possibilities, or at best on arguments of a general kind, than on anatomical or medical facts; which last come to closer proof than reasoning can attain, if they do not altogether establish the conclusion. There is an hypothesis as to the contagious nature of cholera, in part based on the idea of its origin, and which is even less consequential. There is a speculation as to the cyclical character of epidemic disease; its possible use or necessity; the change in the character of epidemics, that evidently takes place in the course of successive generations; the probability that this change is not owing merely to hygienic causes, but to something deeper, something in the system of nature or scheme of Providence; and that possibly epidemics are too much complained of, as they may only kill rapidly those whom other diseases would destroy slowly, fine weather and good harvests keeping up lives that might drop under average circumstances and would certainly perish in adverse. Lastly, considering that the facts are insufficient to form a certain judgment as to the nature and causes of cholera, or any other epidemic, the authors throw out a suggestion for an elaborate collection of statistics, medical, geographical, &c., throughout the world—which at present is not very likely to be accomplished. As the book is thin, and some portion occupied as an appendix with specific reports, there is little room for looseness of composition or diffuseness of manner: but there is rather too much of the formal logical in style and of medical pedantry in diction.

Of the various topics in the book the most important and practical are the probable cause of cholera, with its treatment and prevention. In their views of the last subject, our authors do not greatly differ from those most generally acted on in practice. In the two first grades, or, properly speaking, in the more or less violent state of diarrhoea that frequently but not always precedes malignant cholera, they prescribe opium, or some

similar drug to check the abnormal secretions, especially from the bowels; calomel, to restore the secretions to their normal condition; and some comforting restoratives to support the strength of the patient shaken in the struggle. These principles of practice, with attention to natural indications according to circumstances, comprise the treatment of the premonitory symptoms, and will generally subdue the disease, according to our authors, and, we believe, to the fact. When the malignant grade has been reached, whether by neglected diarrhoea or by sudden attack, the case is nearly hopeless as regards art. But though the doctors can make little of the last stage, the writer may; and we quote the account, as the best bit of medical description of the subject we have seen.

The third grade of attack—Algid or Malignant Cholera—may announce itself suddenly, without any of the usual premonitory symptoms of gastro-choleraic irritation or premonitory diarrhoea. At once the victim may be seized with pain in the bowels, and suddenly profusely purged; or, if in bed asleep, he awakes with feelings of faintness and sickness, accompanied with severe griping of the bowels, when they are moved immediately, copiously, and are watery; again, in a few minutes there is an urgent call, and the bowels are emptied by a gush, with a squashing sound into the vessel, as water from a pump. Feelings of prostration are extreme and instant. The patient resigns himself to the issue as an inevitable fatality—expressing himself, that he feels it “to be nothing but death.” The features are pinched, starved-like, and cold; cramps, more or less, have now supervened, and frequently there is vomiting, which may be with every dejection, or incessantly. The fluids ejected are seroid [serum a yellowish liquid] or frothy and slimy, as water beaten with white of eggs; not unfrequently they are tinged greenish with bile; sometimes the matters, whether by stool or vomited, are of identical character. The breathing soon is panting, rapid, and shallow, or scarcely perceptible. Though sensible and intelligent, the patient is indifferent to anything, and to all around him. Thirst is distressing; urine is entirely suppressed; cold sweats exude. If when in usual health the patient is florid, now, under this grade of attack, the malar surface of the cheeks, the tips of the nose, and around the mouth, the color is a purplish blue. In the naturally pale, or in women, frequently the lividity is only around the eyelids; but the whole appearance is that of a wretched one, starved, dying by hunger and cold. Deep, dark, congestive areolæ, surround the eyes; these are sunken, withdrawn into the sockets, are expressionless, vacant and waxy-like; the corneæ are dull, irregular, and shrivelled. The line of reflection of the conjunctivæ, from the ocular to the palpebral surface, is much congested; the sclerotic coats are paler than usual—they are blanched. Altogether the aspect is ghastly. The tongue is cool, of leaden color, dull and pale as if exsanguineous; in others, it is thinly and tenaciously coated. The breath is cold, and the voice whisperous. Hiccough frequently is troublesome. The pulse, scarcely felt, is soon imperceptible. There is now extreme restlessness—jactitation from anhelation. The clothes in the lightest degree cannot be born—the oppression upon the breast being evidently the most distressing feeling.

Though all means be resorted to to restore gen-

* The Phenomena of Pestilential Cholera in relation to the grade of Attack and the Treatment; its Pathology; Origin and Spread; and the Means of Prevention. By George M'Culloch, M.D., F.R.C.S., (Dub.) and A.C. Maclaren, M.R.C.S. Ed. Published by Churchill.

eral heat, the exposed surface of the face remains deadly cold; the tips of the fingers and nails are livid and blue; the backs of the hands, the palms and fingers, are shrunken and corrugated, incurvated and exsanguineous, they are like to washerwomen's. The assemblage of these symptoms constitutes the state of collapse, and the tendency is to death.

In extreme cases, or before death in fatal cases, vomiting and purging generally cease for some time; in the latter, often for hours previously, a stillness, almost of death, obtains; broken by occasional jactitations, or an audible sigh; a glow of life, of color, and heat, will sometimes lighten the countenance—but transiently; for suddenly it is darkened—quenched, as if all power had gone out in the returning effort. In the more exquisite states of collapse there is no cure; and all recoveries thence must be accounted surprises. In the lesser degrees of collapse, or indeed in every degree after lividity, feebleness, and coldness of breath have set in, not more than half can be expected to recover. Death, as it were of the system, has already happened, and hope alone remains of its reanimation from connection with a still unexpired central power.

In this state of collapse the power of remedies is but small—it is, at least, difficult to estimate their influence. Perhaps complete rest, and careful nursing to restore and retain animal heat, by medicated or ordinary means, and to prevent the patient exposing himself, to let well alone, or limit interference to cordial restorative assistance, are the most of any help that can be given; hope being entertained rather from the inherent power of life—its resistence or recuperative energy.

Sometimes the invasion of *Algide Cholera* progresses more gradually—the point of departure may be from any stage of the other grades, as by accession from mild to severe premonitory diarrhoea; or sometimes it may be preceded by the more general condition of choleraic irritation for days previous. But whether by exacerbation of gentler and neglected diarrhoea, or of the general condition of gastro-choleric irritation, the invasion of the true *Algide Cholera* is always declared by marked deterioration of all the graver symptoms, and a rapid progress to the most serious phenomena. The point of transition is abrupt, as if an extra force had suddenly entered into operation. In some cases the phenomena of invasion have been described as first coming on in a sort of aura; the victim feels something gradually to creep from his feet, “up all over him;” sometimes it is described as “something” that he has felt “come all over him at once;” when suddenly he feels giddy, and is seized with pain in the bowels, and immediately they are moved. Thenceforth the procession of phenomena is in the usual manner. In other cases, disagreeable smells are first complained of, and are believed to mark the moment of invasion; again, it is a choking feeling, which they afterwards explain as when they “swallowed it”—meaning the infection. Around the victim of cholera, an odour, mawkish and sickly, cadaverous, and earthy, or sometimes urinous, is often perceived. The urinous odor, however, is more perceptible in the state of reaction.

Recovery from the *Algide* state is always doubtful. Results prove that less than a half recover, and certainly in the more extreme cases a small fraction only escape death.

The opinion of the writers on the cause of cholera, and by consequence of many other epi-

demics, is, so far as we know, novel; it is to this effect. Conditions of the atmosphere that may be called pestiferous take place, and originate partly in itself, partly from earthly causes—as decaying animal and vegetable matter, or excretions. This quality, however, is latent, or at least imperfectly developed until it meets not only with a constitution adapted to receive it but a species of animal whose nature can receive it all; some creatures, in the view of these writers, being incapable of receiving certain diseases, and vice versa;—though this is no proof of any specific difference in the virus itself, since what produces cholera or plague in man may produce another disease in cattle. To create pestilence, therefore, two things are needed—a miasm, and a body obnoxious to its influence; from which conjunction there results a tertium quid, which is for example, the choleraic virus. In its origin this pestilence may be geographical, as cholera really seems to be; that is, it can only originate in a region suited to it. Thence, however, it may be dissipated contagiously by means of man or fomites (substances imbued with contagion;) though the contagion depends upon the twofold circumstance of a state of the air and other concomitants and the aptness of the constitution to receive it. The theoretical conclusion therefore is, that but for India, cholera would not have appeared in Europe, since it could not have originated here; on the other hand, had not the atmosphere been deranged by a miasm favorable to the reception of cholera contagion, it would not have spread through Europe.

Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of this view is the length of time the disease took to reach Europe, and the apparently capricious routes by which it travelled. Little peculiar weight can be attached to the argument for contagion derived from the sudden access, and the feelings of patients, as mentioned in the extract; for something like this occurs in many disorders where contagion is not dreamt of. The sudden chill which introduces “the cold” is frequently remembered by the patient; in many diseases peculiar sensations, or hopelessness from the first, are spoken of by patients, and seem to owe their origin to extreme sensibility. We need not, however, enter further into the question, since little direct practical result would flow from these writers' views, however worthy they may be of theoretical discussion. The treatment they recommend in the earlier stages is followed, we believe, by the bulk of the profession; the inutility of remedies in the last stage all are compelled to admit; their principle of prevention is simply the “tendency to the benign extreme,” cleanliness, good air, good living, and good spirits. Not much is even built upon contagion, beyond an advice to avoid needless communication—to which few need much urging; and the retention of the present quarantine laws in obvious cases.

TO EXPRESS his sense of Mr. Newman's services in the cause of theology, the Pope has conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity by diploma.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

HOME.

HOME! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
How many hours of joy serene and fair;
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their hues into a rainbow *there*!

Round home what images of beauty cluster,
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled!

Home is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.

Where we have nourished bright thoughts while
beholding
Some sun-eyed flower, the centre of our love;
And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
The angels came and carried it above.

Scenes gay and gladsome as the golden glory
Which decks the death-bed of departing day,
And many an old and spirit-stirring story,
Whose memory is fading fast away,

Flash o'er the spirit at the oft repeated
And never to be forgotten accent, Home!
Friends whom a thousand times our love has
greeted,
With whom our merry boyhood loved to roam.

A father's joy, a mother's deep devotion,
Untiring energy and constant care,
The reverential love, the pure emotion,
The evening hymn, the heavenward wafted
prayer;

The Sabbath bells, whose glad and gentle pealing,
Falls on the spirit like the early dew,
Evoking every high and holy feeling,
All that hath "power to chasten and subdue!"

Sisters and brothers fondly loved and cherished,
Our comrades *then* in the stern march of life,
The early called who fought, and fighting perished,
And left us single-handed in the strife;

The woods and waters where our childhood flour-
ished,
The hoary hills our wandering footsteps trod,
The fairy prospects which our fancy nourished,
The old church spire which pointed us to God;

Such are the visions which are ever stealing
Around our spirits wheresoe'er we roam,
Full fraught with beautiful and hallowed feeling,
Evoked like phantoms by the spell of home.

Needs there a beautiful ancestral mansion
To mark the spot where household joys abide,
Bounded on all sides by a broad expansion
Of lawns and level meads and woodlands wide?

Need there be sunny slopes and pastures sweeping,
In glad and verdant beauty far away,
Old forest trees and crystal waters sleeping
In tranquil silence in the sunset's ray?

Need there be twilight groves and orchards shedding
Their purple plenty on the fertile ground;

Brooks flashing back the noontide beam while
threading
Gardens and meads with many a mazy round?

No! home is not confined to halls of pleasure,
To regal pomp and dwellings of the great;
It is not meted to us by the measure
Which appertains to things of low estate.

Where'er we find warm hearts and fond affection,
Whether in straw-thatched hut or gilded dome,
We find what claims our notice and reflection,
We find the primal elements of home.

On Alpine mountains where the hunter buildeth
His fragile dwelling like an eagle's lair;
In southern climates where the sun-light gildeth
The vine-clad hills with colors ever fair.

In Arctic regions where the winter heapeth,
In hoary piles, the everlasting snows;
Where the poor persecuted negro weepeth
His kidnapped kindred and his country's woes;

Where'er of fellow-men we find the traces,
Where'er a wanderer hath his footsteps bent,
In populous cities and in desert places,
The Indian's wigwam and the Arab's tent;

In far-off islands where the savage roameth,
The untutored lord of many a scene sublime,
In groves and glens and where the ocean foameth,
In every country and in every clime;

Mankind, however fettered and benighted,
Howe'er oppressed by penury and care,
Have their existence by *one* beacon lighted,
Have still *one* bliss which all may freely share.

Home! cries the world-sick wanderer as he
wendeth,
With baffled footsteps, o'er his weary way;
Home! sighs the wretched outcast as he sendeth
A longing look, whence once he longed to stray.

Home! says the toil-worn rustic when returning
From daily labor at the fall of night;
Home! sings the emancipated soul as spurning
This world of woe, it plumes its wings for flight.

Home like the burning lens collects together
Into one point affection's scattered rays,
And in the sternest storm, the wildest weather,
Kindles a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.

Home is the watchword firing with emotion
The patriot's heart, and nerving him to fight;
Home is the pole star, o'er the storm-swept ocean,
Guiding the sailor through the gloomy night.

Home cheers the solitary student, burning
With high and heavenward hopes till he has
furled

His wings of fire upon the heights of learning;
Home is the lever that can lift the world.

A never-failing source of consolation,
A fountain sealed with hidden virtue fraught,
The pilgrim's prayer, the poet's inspiration,
The nurse of every noble deed and thought.

Home is a boon to erring mortals given,
To knit us closer in the bonds of love,
To lead our spirits gently up to heaven,
To shadow forth the brighter home above.

J. W. FLETCHER.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY VIII.?

MR. COLLIER observes that the principal question which arises with regard to the play of Henry VIII. is, when it was written. *By whom* it was written has not yet been made a question, so far as I know; at least not in print. And yet several of our most considerable critics have incidentally betrayed a consciousness that there is something peculiar either in the execution, or the structure, or the general design of it, which should naturally suggest a doubt on this point. Dr. Johnson observes that the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine, and that the rest of the play might be easily conceived and easily written—a fact, if it be a fact, so remarkable as to call for explanation. Coleridge, in one of his attempts to classify Shakspeare's plays, (1802,) distinguished Henry VIII. as *gelegenheds-gedicht*; in another (1819) as “a sort of historical masque or shew-play;” thereby betraying a consciousness that there was something singular and exceptional about it. Ulrici, who has applied himself with a German ingenuity to discover in each of Shakspeare's plays a profound moral purpose, is obliged to confess that he can make nothing of Henry VIII., and is driven to suppose that what we have was meant only for a first part, to be followed by a second, in which the odds would have been made even. Mr. Knight, whose faith is proof against such doubts, does indeed treat Henry VIII. as the perfect crown and consummation of the series of historical plays, and succeeds in tracing through the first four acts a consistent and sufficient moral; but when he comes to the fifth, which should crown all, he is obliged to put us off with a reference to the historians; admitting that the catastrophe which history had provided as the crowning moral of the whole is not exhibited in the play, “but who (he asks) can forget it?”—an apology for the gravest of all defects which seems to me quite inadmissible. A peculiarity of another kind has also been detected, I forget by whom, namely the unusual number of lines with a redundant syllable at the end, of which it is said there are twice as many in this as in any other play of Shakspeare's;—a circumstance well worthy of consideration, for so broad a difference was not likely to be accidental; and one which is the more remarkable when viewed in connexion with another peculiarity of style pointed out by Mr. Knight, viz., the number of passages in which the lines are so run into each other that it is impossible to separate them in reading by the slightest pause at the end of each. Now the passage which he selects in illustration is one in which the proportion of lines with the redundant syllable is unusually *small*; and therefore it would appear that this play is remarkable for the prevalence of *two* peculiarities of different kinds, which are in some degree irreconcilable with each other.

I shall have something further to say on these points presently. I mention them here only to show that critical observers have been long con-

scious of certain singularities in this play which require to be accounted for. And, leaving the critics, I might probably appeal to the individual consciousness of each reader, and ask him whether he has not always felt that, in spite of some great scenes which have made actors and actresses famous, and many beautiful speeches which adorn our books of extracts (and which, by the way, lose little or nothing by separation from their context, a most rare thing in Shakspeare,) the effect of this play *as a whole* is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter; which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and amount to little less than the ultimate triumph of wrong. For throughout the play the king's cause is not only felt by us, but represented to us, as a bad one. We *hear*, indeed, of conscientious scruples as to the legality of his first marriage; but we are not made, nor indeed asked, to believe that they are sincere, or to recognize in his new marriage either the hand of Providence, or the consummation of any worthy object, or the victory of any of those more common frailties of humanity with which we can sympathize. The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited; no attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for *him*: yet his passion has its way, and is crowned with all felicity, present and to come. The effect is much like that which would have been produced by the *Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon.

This main defect is sufficient of itself to mar the effect of the play as a whole. But there is another, which though less vital is not less unaccountable. The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber, though full of life and vigor, and, in point of execution, not unworthy of Shakspeare, are utterly irrelevant to the business of the play; for what have we to do with the quarrel between Gardiner and Cranmer? Nothing in the play is explained by it, nothing depends upon it

It is used only (so far as the argument is concerned) as a preface for introducing Cranmer as godfather to Queen Elizabeth, which might have been done as a matter of course without any preface at all. The scenes themselves are indeed both picturesque and characteristic and historical, and might probably have been introduced with excellent effect into a dramatized life of Henry VIII. But historically they do not belong to the place where they are introduced here, and poetically they have in this place no value, but the reverse.

With the fate of Wolsey, again, in whom our second interest centres, the business of this last act does not connect itself any more than with that of Queen Katharine. The fate of Wolsey would have made a noble subject for a tragedy in itself, and might very well have been combined with the tragedy of Katharine; but, as an introduction to the festive solemnity with which the play concludes, the one seems to me as inappropriate as the other.

Nor can the existence of these defects be accounted for by any inherent difficulty in the subject. It cannot be said that they were in any way forced upon the dramatist by the facts of the story. The incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. could not, it is true, like those of an ancient tradition or an Italian novel, be altered at pleasure to suit the purposes of the artist; but they admitted of many different combinations, by which the effect of the play might have been modified to almost any extent either at the beginning or the end. By taking in a larger period, and carrying the story on to the birth of Anne Bullen's still-born son and her own execution, it would have yielded the argument of a great tragedy and tale of retributive justice. Or, on the other hand, by throwing the sorrows of Katharine more into the background, by bringing into prominence the real scruples which were in fact entertained by learned and religious men, and prevalent among the people, by representing the question of the divorce as the battle-ground on which the question between Popery and Protestantism was tried out, by throwing a strong light upon the engaging personal qualities of Anne Bullen herself, and by connecting with the birth of Elizabeth the ultimate triumph of the Reformed religion, of which she was to become so distinguished a champion, our sympathies might have been turned that way, and so reconciled to the prosperous consummation. But it is evident that no attempt has been made to do this. The afflictions, the virtue, and the patience of Katharine are elaborately exhibited. To these and to the pathetic penitence of Wolsey our attention is especially commended in the prologue, and with them it is entirely occupied to the end of the fourth act. Anne Bullen is kept almost out of sight. Such reason and religion as there were in Henry's scruples are scarcely touched upon, and hardly a word is introduced to remind us that the dispute with the Pope was the forerunner of the Reformation.

I know no other play in Shakspeare which is

chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in Henry IV. where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of Henry VIII. is that, while four fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth—

Be sad, as we would make you; think ye see
The very persons of our history
As they were living; think you see them great
And following with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day—

the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:—

——— This day let no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday.

Of this strange inconsistency, or at least of a certain poorness in the general effect which is amply accounted for by such inconsistency, I had for some time been vaguely conscious; and I had also heard it casually remarked by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point that many passages in Henry VIII. were very much in the manner of *Fletcher*; when I happened to take up a book of extracts, and opened by chance on the following beautiful lines:—

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Was it possible to believe that these lines were written by Shakspeare? I had often amused myself with attempting to trace the gradual change of his versification from the simple monotonous cadence of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to the careless felicities of the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, of which it seemed as impossible to analyze the law as not to feel the melody; but I could find

no stage in that progress to which it seemed possible to refer these lines. I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of Henry VIII.; if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it.

This is a conclusion which cannot of course be established by detached extracts, which in questions of style are doubtful evidence at best. The only satisfactory evidence upon which it can be determined whether a given scene was or was not by Shakspeare, is to be found in the general effect produced on the mind, the ear, and the feelings by a free and broad perusal; and if any of your readers care to follow me in this inquiry, I would ask him to do as I did—that is, to read the whole play straight through, with an eye open to notice the larger differences of effect, but without staying to examine small points. The effect of my own experiment was as follows:—

The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspeare, in his latest manner; the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and common-place; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (Act i. sc. 2,) where the characters of Katharine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlin, Lord Sands, and Lord Lovel converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different and full of mannerism. The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper scene which closes the first act.

The second act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakspeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell

speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

When, in like manner, I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows (Act ii. sc. 2) with the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber, (Act i. sc. 2,) I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded, still slow and artificial.

The next scene brought another change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first Act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act, (in which Anne Bullen appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all,) I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance) and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

Next follows the famous trial-scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognized the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the council-chamber, (Act i. sc. 2,) I found that it corresponded in all essential features: when I compared it with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber; but when I went on to the first scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed, the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspeare; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

In the next scene (Act iii. sc. 2) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakspeare; though probably not into Shakspeare pure; a scene by another hand perhaps, which Shakspeare had only remodeled, or a scene by Shakspeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the

place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspeare's; but in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords, which follows, I could recognize little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favorite Fletcherian cadence;* and as for the famous "Farewell, a long farewell," &c., though associated by means of Enfield's Speaker with my earliest notions of Shakspeare, it appeared (now that my mind was opened to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

Of the 4th Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not to my mind the freshness and originality of Shakspeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done. Katharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And altogether it seemed to me that if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction it would probably have been thought that both of them had had a hand in it.

The first scene of the 5th Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what may indeed be supposed well enough, if my conjecture with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct) that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening scene, on the other hand, (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations,) I could see no evidence of Shakspeare's hand at all; while in point of *design*, it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece.

Such was the general result of my examination of this play with reference to the internal evidence of style and treatment. With regard to external evidence, I can only say that I know of none which stands in the way of any of these conclusions. Henry VIII. was first printed in the folio of 1623. It was printed no doubt as Shakspeare's, without any hint that any one else had had a hand in it. But so were Titus Andronicus and all the three parts of Henry VI. The editors were not critics, and it was not then the fashion for authors to trouble the public with their jealousies. The play would naturally go by the name of Shak-

speare, having so much in it of his undoubted and best workmanship, and as such it would naturally take its place in the general collection. With regard to the date of its composition we have no conclusive evidence; but that which approaches nearest to that character goes to show that it was acted, and considered as a new play, on St. Peter's day, 1613, when the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The play then acted was certainly on the subject of Henry VIII., and contained at least one incident which occurs in the present work—the discharge of Chambers upon the arrival of the masquers in the upper-scene. It was called, indeed, "All is True;" but that title suits the present work perfectly well; and it may have been the original one, though the editors, in including it among the histories, preferred the historical title. There is evidence, likewise, that the play called "The Interlude of Henry VIII." was in existence in 1604, but none to show that it was by Shakspeare, still less that it was the present play in its present state, which is to me, I confess, quite incredible. Altogether, therefore, I may say, that if any one be inclined to think that Henry VIII. was composed in 1612 or 1613, and that Beaumont and Fletcher were employed in the composition as well as Shakspeare, there is nothing in the external evidence to forbid him.

Here, however, a new question will arise. Supposing the inequality of the workmanship in different parts of the play to be admitted, as by most people I think it will, may not this be sufficiently accounted for by supposing that it was written by Shakspeare at different periods? May it not have been an early performance of his own, which, in his later life, he corrected, and in a great part rewrote; as we know he did in some other cases?

I think not; for two reasons. First, because, if he had set about the revision of it on so large a scale, in the maturity of his genius, he would have addressed himself to remove its principal defect, which is the incoherence of the general design. Secondly, because the style of those parts, which, upon this supposition, would be referred to the earlier period, does not at all resemble Shakspeare's style at any stage of its development.

This is another conclusion, which it is impossible to establish by extracts in any moderate quantity. But let any one who doubts it try it by the following test. Let him read an act in each of the following plays, taking them in succession: Two Gentlemen of Verona; Richard II.; Richard III.; Romeo and Juliet; Henry IV. (part 2); As You Like It; Twelfth Night; Measure for Measure; Lear; Anthony and Cleopatra; Coriolanus; Winter's Tale; and then let him say at what period of Shakspeare's life he can be supposed to have written such lines as these—

* As for instance:—

Now I feel
Of what base metal ye are moulded,—Envy.
How eagerly ye follow my diagraes
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice:
Ye have Christian warrant for them, &c.

All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet heaven bear witness.

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those who sought it I could wish more Chris-
tians.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men :
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this life I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies,
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me like good angels to my end ;
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven !

If I am not much mistaken, he will be convinced that Shakspeare's style never passed, nor ever could have passed, through this phase. In his earlier plays, when his versification was regular and his language comparatively diffuse, there is none of the studied variety of cadence which we find here ; and by the time his versification had acquired more variety, the current of his thought had become more gushing, rapid, and full of eddies ; not to add that at no period whatever in the development of his style was the proportion of thought and fancy to words and images so small as it appears in this speech of Buckingham's. Perhaps there is no passage in Shakspeare which so nearly resembles it as Richard II.'s farewell to his queen ; from which, indeed, it seems to have been imitated ; but observe the difference—

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France :

Think I am dead : and that even here thou tak'st
As from my death-bed my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid :

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accents of thy moving tongue,

And in compassion weep the fire out ;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

And if we compare the two entire scenes the difference will appear ten times greater, for Richard's passion makes a new subject of every passing incident and image, and has as many changes as an *Æolian harp*.

To a practised ear the test which I have proposed will, I think, be sufficient, and more conclusive, perhaps, than any other. Those who are less quick in perceiving the finer rhythmical effects may be more struck with the following consideration. It has been observed, as I said, that lines with a redundant syllable at the end occur in Henry VIII. twice as often as in any of Shakspeare's other plays. Now, it will be found on

examination that this observation does not apply to all parts of the play alike, but only to those which I have noticed as, in their general character, un-Shakspearian. In those parts which have the stamp of Shakspeare upon them in other respects, the proportion of lines with the redundant syllable is not greater than in other of his later plays—*Cymbeline*, for instance, and the *Winter's Tale*. In the opening scene of *Cymbeline*, an unimpassioned conversation, chiefly narrative, we find twenty-five such lines in sixty-seven ; in the third scene of the third Act, which is in a higher strain of poetry but still calm, we find twenty-three in one hundred and seven ; in the fourth scene, which is full of sudden turns of passion, fifty-three in one hundred and eighty-two. Taking one scene with another, therefore, the lines with the redundant syllable are in the proportion of about two to seven. In the *Winter's Tale* we may take the second and third scenes of the third Act as including a sufficient variety of styles ; and here we find seventy-one in two hundred and forty-eight ; the same proportion as nearly as possible, though the scenes were selected at random.

Let us now see how it is in Henry VIII. Here is a table showing the proportion in each successive scene :—

Act.	Scene.	Lines.	Red. Syll.	Propn.
I.	1.	225	63	1 to 3.5
	2.	215	74	— 2.9
	3 and 4.	172	100	— 1.7
II.	1.	164	97	— 1.6
	2.	129	77	— 1.6
	3.	107	41	— 2.6
	4.	230	72	— 3.1
III.	1.	166	119	— 1.3
	*2.	193	62	— 3.
	3.	257	152	— 1.6
IV.	1.	116	57	— 2.
	2.	80	51	— 1.5
	3.	93	51	— 1.8
V.	1.	176	63	— 2.5
	2.	217	115	— 1.8
	3. almost all prose.			
	4.	73	44	— 1.6

Here, then, we have, out of sixteen separate scenes, six in which the redundant syllable occurs (taking one with another) about as often as in *Cymbeline* and the *Winter's Tale* ; the proportion being never higher than two in five, which is the same as in the opening scene of *Cymbeline* ; never lower than two in seven, which is the same as in the trial scene in the *Winter's Tale* ; and the average being about one in three ; while, in the remaining ten scenes, the proportion of such lines is never less than one in two ; in the greater number of them scarcely more than two in three. Nor is there anything in the subject or character of the several scenes by which such a difference can be accounted for. The light and loose conversation at the end of the first Act, the plaintive and labored oration in the second, the querulous and passionate altercation in the third, the pathetic sorrows of Wolsey, the tragic death of Katharine, the high poetic prophecy of Cranmer, are equally distinguished by this peculiarity. A distinction so broad and so uniform, running through so large a portion of the

* As far as the exit of King Henry.

same piece, cannot have been accidental; and the more closely it is examined the more clearly will it appear that the metre in these two sets of scenes is managed upon entirely different principles, and bears evidence of different workmen. To explain all the particular differences would be to analyze the structure first of Shakspeare's metre, then of Fletcher's; a dry and tedious task. But the general difference may easily be made evident by placing any undoubted specimen of Shakspeare's later workmanship by the side of the one, and of Fletcher's middle workmanship by the side of the other; the identity in both cases will be felt at once. The only difficulty is to find a serious play known to be the unassisted composition of Fletcher, and to have been written about the year 1612; for in those which he wrote before his partnership with Beaumont his distinctive mannerism is less marked; in those which he wrote after Beaumont's death it is more exaggerated. But read the last Act of the "Honest Man's Fortune," which was first represented in 1613; the opening of the third Act of the "Captain," which appeared towards the close of 1612; and the great scene extracted by Charles Lamb from the fourth Act of "Thierry and Theodoret,"* which, though not produced, I believe, till 1621, is thought to have been written much earlier; and you will have sufficient samples of his middle style, in all its varieties, to make the comparison. In all these, besides the general structure of the language and rhythm, there are many particular verbal and rhythmical affectations which will at once catch any ear that is accustomed to Shakspeare, whose style is entirely free from them; and every one of these will be found as frequent in the un-Shakspearian portions of Henry VIII., as in the above mentioned passages, which are undoubtedly Fletcher's.

Assuming, then, that Henry VIII. was written partly by Shakspeare, partly by Fletcher, with the assistance probably of some third hand, it becomes a curious question, upon what plan their joint labors were conducted. It was not unusual in those days, when a play was wanted in a hurry, to set two or three, or even four, hands at work upon it; and the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage (February, 1612-13) may very likely have suggested the production of a play representing the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen. Such an occasion would sufficiently account for the determination to treat the subject not tragically; the necessity of producing it immediately might lead to the employment of several hands; and thence would follow inequality of workmanship and imperfect adaptation of the several parts to each other. But this would not explain the incoherency and inconsistency of the main design. Had Shakspeare been employed to make a design for a play which was to end with the happy marriage of Henry and

Anne Bullen, we may be sure that he would not have occupied us through the four first acts with a tragic and absorbing interest in the decline and death of Queen Katharine, and through half the fifth with a quarrel between Cranmer and Gardiner, in which we have no interest. On the other hand, since it is by Shakspeare that all the principal matters and characters are introduced, it is not likely that the general design of the piece would be laid out by another. I should rather conjecture that he had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church, which, being the one great historical event of the reign, would naturally be chosen as the focus of poetic interest; that he had proceeded in the execution of this idea as far perhaps as the third Act, which might have included the establishment of Cranmer in the seat of highest ecclesiastical authority, (the council-chamber scene, in the fifth, being designed as an introduction to that;) when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play to honor the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth with, he thought that his half-finished work might help them, and accordingly handed them his manuscript to make what they could of it; that they put it into the hands of Fletcher, (already in high repute as a popular and expeditious playwright,) who, finding the original design not very suitable to the occasion, and utterly beyond his capacity, expanded the three acts into five, by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which his strength lay; dropped all allusion to the great ecclesiastical revolution, which he could not manage, and for which he had no materials supplied him; converted what should have been the middle into the end; and so turned out a splendid "historical masque, or show-play," which was no doubt very popular then, as it has been ever since.

This is a bold conjecture, but it will account for all the phenomena. Read the portions which I have marked as Shakspeare's by themselves, and suppose them to belong to the first half of the play, and they will not seem unworthy of him; though the touches of an inferior hand may perhaps be traced here and there, and the original connexion is probably lost beyond recovery in the interpolations. Suppose, again, the design of the play as it stands to have been left to Fletcher, and the want of moral consistency and coherency needs no further explanation. The want of a just moral feeling is Fletcher's characteristic defect, and lies at the bottom of all that is most offensive in him, from his lowest mood to his highest. That it has not in this case betrayed him into such gross inconsistencies and indelicacies as usual, may be explained by the fact that he was following the Chronicles, and had little room for his own inventions. A comparison between this play and the "Two Noble Kinsmen," the condition and supposed history of

* In this scene we have 154 lines with the redundant syllable out of 232; 2 in 3; exactly the same proportion which we find in so many scenes of Henry VIII.; and nowhere else I think through the entire range of the Shakspearian theatre.

which is, in many respects, analogous,* would throw further light upon the question. But this would require too long a discussion.

27 June, 1850.

J. S.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.

Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M. A. Vol. 5. Longman and Co. Reprinted by Harper and Brothers.

THIS most interesting book approaches now so nearly to its close, when such remarks as its entire view of Southey's character may suggest will find most fitting expression, that we open the present volume simply to take a few extracts that may meanwhile gratify the reader.

THE WORTHIES IN THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I have to insert Sir P. Sidney among the elder worthies, and Hogarth among the latter; perhaps Johnson also, if I can so do it as to satisfy myself with the expression, and not seem to give him a higher praise than he deserves. Offence I know will be taken that the name of Pitt does not appear there. The king would find him among the eminent men of his reign, but not among those whose rank will be confirmed by posterity. The whigs, too, will observe that none of their idols are brought forward; neither Hampden, nor their Sidney, nor Russell. I think of the first as ill as Lord Clarendon did; and concerning Algernon Sidney, it is certain that he suffered wrongfully, but that does not make him a great man. If I had brought forward any man of that breed, it should have been old Oliver himself; and I had half a mind to do it.

The old leaven shows itself in that last remark, and much would old George the Third have been amazed at finding himself nob and nob in Elysium with Old Noll! No wonder Southey should afterwards have occasion to remark his own

POPULARITY WITH NEITHER PARTY.

Of all the opponents of the great and growing party of revolutionists, I am the one whom they hate the most; and of all the supporters of established things, the one whom the anti-revolutionists like the least. So that I fight for others against many, but stand alone myself.

In another passage, in a similar spirit, we have a self-statement of

SOUTHEY'S CHURCH AND STATE CREED.

1. That revealed religion is true: 2. That the connection between church and state is necessary; 3. That the Church of England is the best ecclesiastical establishment which exists at present, or has yet existed; 4. That both church and state require great amendments; 5. That both are in great danger; and, 6. That a revolution would destroy the happiness of one generation, and leave things at last worse than it found them.

In another, also, in his letters, there occurs a somewhat memorable avowal of

* On this subject see an excellent article in the Westminster Review, vol. xlvii. p. 59; which is especially valuable for the discovery of some of Shakspeare's very finest workmanship among the scenes of the underplot, which previous critics had set down as all alike worthless.

CHARITY TO UNBELIEF.

I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creed. I am a Christian; and so will Turk, Jew, and Gentile be in heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them. I do not fear that there will be a great gulph between you and me in the world which we must both enter.

Nor does he scruple to describe very unceremoniously the men in whose service he was working at the time.

THE STATESMEN OF THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL.

If our statesmen, so called by the courtesy of England, read Davila, and such historians as Davila, they could not commit such blunders as they have committed, are committing, and will commit, nor should we at this time have had cause to apprehend changes and consequent convulsions, from which we must look alone to Providence to preserve us. Were there more of sound knowledge there would be more of sound principle and sound feeling.

He appears, also, to derive an odd sort of complacent comfort occasionally from the sense that in some particular book he is writing he shall certainly please nobody—as in this notice of

THE LIFE OF WESLEY.

It is written with too fair a spirit to satisfy any particular set of men. For the "religious public" it will be too tolerant and too philosophical; for the liberals it will be too devotional; the Methodists will not endure any censure of their founder and their institutions: the high Churchman will as little be able to allow any praise of them. Some will complain of it as being heavy and dull; others will not think it serious enough. I shall be abused on all sides, and you well know how little I shall care for it.

To these extracts we shall append Mr. Cuthbert Southey's interesting mention of

THE CHANGES ADVOCATED BY SOUTHEY IN THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

Among the various measures and changes he advocated may be named the following, many of which were topics he handled at greater or less length in the "Quarterly Review," while his opinions upon the others may be found scattered throughout his letters:—National education to be assisted by government grants. The diffusion of cheap literature of a wholesome and harmless kind. The necessity of an extensive and well-organized system of colonization, and especially of encouraging female emigration. The importance of a wholesome training for the immense number of children in London and other large towns, who, without it, are abandoned to vice and misery. The establishment of Protestant Sisters of Charity, and of a better order of hospital nurses. The establishment of savings banks in all small towns throughout the country. The abolishment of flogging in the army and navy, except in cases flagrantly atrocious. Alterations in the poor laws. Alterations in the game laws. Alterations in the criminal laws, as inflicting the punishment of death in far too many cases. Alterations in the factory system, for the benefit of the operative, and especially as related to the employment of children. The desirableness of undertaking national works, reproductive ones if possible, in times of peculiar distress.

The necessity of doing away with interments in crowded cities. The system of giving allotments of ground to laborers. The employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands. The commutation of tithes: and, lastly, the necessity for more clergymen, more colleges, more courts of law.

—And a somewhat striking protest made by Southey himself against what in those days might fairly be called

THE SAVAGE TONE OF THE "QUARTERLY."

The journal wants more of the *litera humaniores*, and in a humaner tone than it has been wont to observe. I think a great deal of good may be done by conciliating young writers who are going wrong, by leading them with a friendly hand into the right path, giving them all the praise they deserve, and advising or insinuating, rather than reprehending. Keats might have been won in that manner, and perhaps have been saved. So I have been assured. Severity will have ten times more effect when it is employed only where it is well deserved.

All this we think much to Southey's honor; and sure we are that the closer his character is examined, and the larger the thoughts that are brought to the consideration of it, the better it will be found to bear the tests of sincerity, honesty, and high-mindedness. Our concluding quotations are also taken from his letters.

HIS BOOKS.

You may get the whole of Sir Thomas Brown's works more easily perhaps than the *Hydrotaphia* in a single form. The folio is neither scarce nor dear, and you will find it throughout a book to your heart's content. If I were confined to a score of English books, this I think would be one of them; nay, probably, it would be one of the selection were it cut down to twelve. My library, if reduced to those bounds, would consist of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton; Lord Clarendon; Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, and South; Isaac Walton, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Fuller's *Church History*, and Sir Thomas Brown; and what a wealthy and well-stored mind would that man have, what an inexhaustible reservoir, what a Bank of England to draw upon for profitable thoughts and delightful associations, who should have fed upon them!

* * * I am glad you have passed six weeks pleasantly and profitably, though grudging a little that they were not spent at Keswick, where, among other things, I should like you to see the additional book-room that we have fitted up, and in which I am now writing, dividing my time between the two book-rooms by spells, so that both may be kept well aired. It would please you to see such a display of literary wealth, which is at once the pride of my eye, and the joy of my heart, and the food of my mind; indeed, more than metaphorically, meat, drink, and clothing for me and mine. I verily believe that no one in my station was ever so rich before, and I am very sure that no one in any station had ever a more thorough enjoyment of riches of any kind, or in any way. It is more delightful for me to live with books than with men, even with all the relish that I have for such society as is worth having.

AN OWL FOR DINNER.

Two or three weeks ago, calling at Calvert's, I

learnt that Raisley C. had committed the great sin of shooting an owl. The criminality of the act was qualified by an ingenuous confession that he did not know what it was when he fired at it; the bird was brought in to show us, and then given me that I might show it to your godson—owls and monkeys being of all created things those for which he has acquired the greatest liking from his graphic studies. Home I came with the owl in my hand, and in the morning you would have been well pleased had you seen Cuthbert's joy at recognizing, for the first time, the reality of what he sees daily in Bewick or in some other of his books. Wordsworth and his wife were here, and as there was no sin in eating the owl, I ordered it to be dressed and brought in, in the place of game that day at dinner. It was served up, without the head, and a squat-looking fellow it was, about the size of a large wild pigeon, but broader in proportion to its length. The meat was more like bad mutton than anything else. Wordsworth was not valiant enough to taste it. Mrs. W. did, and we agreed that there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies. But if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce.

THE Hudson's Bay Company are advertising for emigrants to Vancouver's Island. One plan adopted by the company is that of sending out a small body of experienced agriculturists, who are to be engaged at about £55 a year with maintenance, under a contract for five years; the object being, that, with a certain number of laborers under them, they shall create farms which may be sold ultimately to persons possessed of moderate capital, and who are likely to become the most useful class of inhabitants. It is regarded as probable that many families would be tempted to seek the country with a view to settlement under such circumstances, who would hesitate to enter upon the wild life of a wholly unprepared region.—*Times, City Article.*

THE Roman Catholic gentry residing in London assembled in great numbers on Sunday morning, 11th August, at St. George's Cathedral, in Westminster Road, to hear an expected farewell address from Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, on the eve of his departure for Rome to be installed in the dignity of cardinal. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Kenmare, Lords Camoys, Beaumont, Clifford, Petre, Lovat, Strafford, Stourton, Arundel and Surrey, and Dormer, with Mr. Sheil, Mr. Anstey, and some other Roman Catholic members of the House of Commons, were present. High mass was celebrated; and the cardinal elect delivered an address, glorifying the success of Roman Catholicism throughout the world, and the zealous labors of the clergy in his own district. In the evening, many clergymen of the Church of England were present to hear a second sermon by Dr. Wiseman. The Pope, it seems, has expressed an earnest desire that Dr. Wiseman should reside permanently in Rome, to give him the assistance of his counsel in the midst of the political and spiritual difficulties which now environ the church. Cardinal Wiseman's successor here is not yet named; the choice is expected to fall upon either the Rev. Dr. Doyle, the senior priest of St. George's Cathedral, or the Rev. John Henry Newman, priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, King William Street, formerly Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Oxford.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RESPONSIBILITY OF MONOMANIACS.

THE case of Robert Pate, lately condemned to seven years' transportation for an assault upon the person of her majesty, presents many features of peculiar interest, in a medical, a philosophical, and a legal point of view. There could be no doubt as to the partial insanity of the culprit. His conduct had always been that of a man laboring under mental aberration. At one time, he fancied he was being poisoned; at another, that his stomach was full of bricks and stones. When he was in the service it was generally remarked, even among the men, that he was not right in his head. Forced by a common form of insanity—imaginary persecutions—to leave the army, Dr. Conolly was consulted upon his case; but, unfortunately, nothing was done towards placing him under either proper surveillance or control.

While he was still at large, Mr. Startin, of Savile-row, reported his insanity to his relatives, but still no steps were taken to prevent the catastrophe, which was sure to occur some day or other. Every one, who saw Robert Pate cursorily was struck with his proceedings and condition. People stopped his cab-driver, to inquire if he was in his right mind. Those who have been in the habit of intercourse considered him latterly getting worse. Drs. Conolly and Munro testified in court to his insanity. So clearly, indeed, was the insanity of the man proved to the jury, that Baron Alderson congratulated the court upon the circumstance; for he justly remarked, "It has long been the boast of this country that no man of sane mind could be found capable of committing an attack on his sovereign;" and the learned judge, therefore, it is to be supposed, considered Robert Pate's case no exception to the general rule. Yet Robert Pate was found guilty of a premeditated crime by the jury, and was condemned to seven years' transportation by the judge.

Such a result fully deserves a moment's consideration. The attorney-general laid it down, after the well-known fiat of Lord Hale, "that it was necessary to show that a man was not aware what he was doing, or was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, to justify the jury in coming to a conclusion that an accused person was insane;" and Baron Alderson said, in his charge to the jury, "that they must clearly understand that it was not because a man was insane that he was unpunishable; and upon this point there was generally a very grievous delusion in the minds of medical men."

This conflicting position of men of science and of men of law here alluded to, and which has presented itself so frequently of late, appears to us to arise from a misapprehension of objects. Medical men in upholding before the jury, as in duty and conscientiousness they are bound to do, the insanity of a criminal, do not wish to screen the guilty person from punishment, but to convey by implication the kind of punishment (confinement in an asylum and medical treatment) which should be inflicted in such a case; while the law officers of the crown are jealous of a plea of insanity, as such may either lead to the acquittal of a guilty person, or to what they deem to be a too heavy punishment—seclusion in an asylum for life. To avoid these two alternatives, the law has ruled that it is not because a man is insane that he is unpunishable, medical men agreeing in the same view of the matter, only

differing as to the mode of punishment to be adopted.

Medical men, further, do not in general entertain that distinction upon which so much emphasis has been laid since the time of Lord Hale, as to the knowledge between right and wrong. Dr. Davey, one of the surgeons of the Hanwell Asylum, justly remarked in his "Medico-Legal Reflections on the Trial of Daniel M'Naughten," that if consciousness be the test of insanity, he would be at a loss to comprehend the cases of by very far the greater number of the patients in the Hanwell Asylum. He instances, for example, the following case:—A patient, an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, labors under a form of insanity, characterized by excessive and obdurate pride. She sits always in one position with her head thrown upwards and backwards, and her eyes directed to the ceiling, the legs are crossed, and the body erect as a board. She declines speaking to any one, and if spoken to, exhibits the utmost contempt and annoyance. The only condensation she is ever known to be guilty of, is to inflict a severe chastisement on some person or other who may happen to incur her particular displeasure. So far as we can learn, adds Dr. Davey, this patient has no illusion or hallucination; her intellectual capacities are very good. No medical man doubts the necessity of punishing these violences of a proud and passionate nature; they only differ with lawyers as to the mode of punishment. They adopt moral and humane means; the law, such as are alone at its disposal. What possible good would transportation do in a case like this?

The views now entertained by the majority of medical men upon the question of responsibility as most consistent with our improved knowledge of the functions of the brain, as well as with reason, religion, and morality, may be expressed in the words of Mr. Sampson, author of a well-known pamphlet on "Criminal Jurisprudence considered in relation to Mental Organization"—that so far from the Creator having sent into the world some beings who are responsible, and others who are exempt from responsibility, there is, in fact, no exception whatever; and that every human being is alike responsible—responsible (according to the degree of his departure, either in mind or body, from that degree of sanity necessary to the proper discharge of his social duties) to undergo the painful but benevolent treatment which is requisite for his cure.

The now generally-admitted fact of plurality of organs and functions of the brain would at once show that there may be monomania or partial insanity, and yet an average degree of intelligence and a perfect appreciation of right from wrong. Dr. Wigan has gone further, and has to most persons shown in a satisfactory manner the duality of the mind, and that actually one propensity may be excited or diseased, while its corresponding organ may be in a state of quiescence. It had been justly remarked by Combe, in his invaluable essay on the "Constitution of Man," that if a man could be found in whom all the qualities of mind and body were healthfully constituted and harmoniously developed, we should then behold one who would realize, humanly speaking, a perfect being. That all fall short of this standard, is a truth which religion and experience alike confirm; but some approach more nearly to it than others; and the question that we have to consider, in estimating the qualities of our fellow creatures, is not whether any

one exists whose mind and body are thus perfectly sane, but what is the relative degree of his or her divergence from the perfect type.

A variety even of most trifling things indicates in each the amount of this divergence from that harmonious balance of the mental powers in which alone true soundness of mind can exist. The moment a person becomes what is called eccentric, mentally separates himself from those who are around him, or departs in any ostensible manner from the adopted practices of society, he is insane according to this amount of divergence. It cannot, as a means of correction, be too strongly pointed out that all indulgence in excessive vanity or love of approbation, excessive pride, whether of family, social position, intelligence, riches or other acquisitions, in religious exaltation and imaginary superior piety, by excessive benevolence and injudicious hospitality or generosity, and their reverse, are forms of monomania or partial insanity. There is an excess of activity and consequent disease of one set of faculties to the injury and detriment of others, more especially the intellect, and the more amiable, generous, and noble sentiments. The exquisite balance of mental operations is interrupted, and however unpleasant the imputation, there is incipient insanity. Society, happily, generally takes upon itself the correction of these minor forms of insanity. Monomaniacal dresses and other affectations in person and manner, indicative of a diseased self-esteem or love of approbation, are put down by ridicule, by reproach, or by general condemnation. Society, indeed, generally controls by derision and contempt the demands of an overweening or excessive vanity or pride. But when the same monomania is carried to uncontrollable excess, as in the instance of the patient at Hanwell, it is obvious that it is the duty of society to punish such aberrations by confinement and proper medical coercion and treatment.

So it is with regard to the progress of evil. We are all more or less addicted to evil, but the tendency is as contrary, and as opposed to a healthy and proper condition of mind, as any other form of monomania. False impressions, ungovernable desires, deficiencies of intellect or feeling—in short, all that makes up the sum of human errors, arises from an unbalanced action of the various faculties of the mind; and to the extent, therefore, that any one faculty is deficient in its comparative relation to the others in any individual, such is the extent of this departure from true soundness of mind in regard to those objects to which that faculty may relate.

All human beings, then, are not perfect, but are more or less insane; that insanity, or divergence from perfection, being greater at times than at others. Thus, a person whose faculties are generally kept in admirable trim, will, under the influence of passion or excitement, do things which he may regret at other times. So also with regard to propensities—as love, the desire to acquire, to possess, or to hoard; by nature blessings, they may degenerate into curses, when transgressing the bounds of moderation.

For the same reason, few crimes are committed in a state of sanity. Theft is more frequently a mere manifestation of uncontrolled or diseased acquisitiveness, or it arises from a deficiency of corrective feelings, rather than from positive want; so, also, the wounds and injuries inflicted, and murders committed, are far more frequently the

result of passions aroused to a maddened and uncontrollable degree of resentment, jealousy, pride, or a drunken, furious, or morbid condition of body and mind, than of cool premeditation. The law takes cognizance of this latter fact to a certain extent, and establishes a distinction between murder and manslaughter; but it is obvious that society can take no cognizance of crime, except to prevent and to punish it. Hence it is, that if insanity was to be a shield to either punishment or prevention, the plea might be advanced in almost every instance of evil done. Baron Alderson was, therefore, perfectly justified in ruling, that it is not because a man is insane that he is not punishable. The question is, when is the mode of commission of such a character that the punishment should be preventive, that is, medical rather than revengeful. Some of our best heads have been puzzled at this point of the question. For example, Mr. George Combe saw, in the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, Dublin, a patient who exhibited a total want of moral feeling and principle, yet possessed considerable intelligence, ingenuity, and plausibility. He had been a scourge to his family from childhood—had been turned out of the army as an incorrigible villain—had attempted the life of a soldier—had been repeatedly flogged—and had since attempted the life of his father. Respecting this man, Dr. Crawford, physician at the asylum, made the following remarks:—"He never was different from what he now is; he has never evinced the slightest mental incoherence on any one point, nor any kind of hallucination. It is one of those cases where there is great difficulty in drawing the line between extreme moral depravity and insanity, and in deciding at what point an individual should cease to be considered as a responsible moral agent, and amenable to the laws. The governors and medical gentlemen of the asylum have often had doubts whether they were justified in keeping him as a lunatic, thinking him a more fit subject for a bride-well." We should have entertained but small doubts on the matter. It was humane and proper, under the circumstances, to keep a man, whose mind was so callous to every moral feeling and principle, under restraint as a moral lunatic; but it was just to society to punish him by law for every crime committed.

In the case of Robert Pate, the insanity was established by antecedents, yet an indignant public called loudly and justly for punishment of a gross outrage committed. In this case his friends were most to blame, for not having put a long-ago acknowledged monomaniac under proper surveillance; but, the crime being committed, few medical men, as the learned judge premised, would have denied that punishment was necessary; they would only, by establishing the insanity of the accused, have shown that the punishment should have been removal forever from a society which he had so grossly injured—not transportation, like a felon.

In the very paper which recorded the trial of Robert Pate, there was a verdict of a different character given in the case of one Walker, who threatened to assassinate the President of the French Republic. This bad man was declared by two medical men to be excited on three points—viz., suicide, homicide, and celebrity. The punishment awarded was not transportation, but incarceration in an asylum, and the cold-water *douche*, which, by reducing the excitement of the diseased organs, and bringing reason into play, has proved

to be a far more efficient punishment than any one which would have pandered to the said Walker's love of notoriety.

Instances have been observed of females who at certain times were afflicted with a vehement desire to steal, though quite free from any such disposition at other times. Crimes committed under such influences should be subjected to medical, not to criminal, punishment. In the case of Lord Ferrers, that nobleman had shown symptoms of insanity in a previous part of his life, and his friends had been considering the propriety of taking out a commission of lunacy against him. He had quarrelled with his wife, who was separated from him, and he conceived that his steward took part with her, and called him into his library, where he made him kneel down, upon which he produced a pistol, and shot him. Every one knows Lord Ferrers was found guilty of murder, and executed. This verdict has been much found fault with, but there was no other alternative. Lord Ferrers had not been put under control as a moral patient, but had been left, under the influence of partial insanity, to commit the crime of murder; the plea, therefore, of previous insanity, could no more avail him than that of temporary insanity, from excited anger or passion, is allowed to avail the murderer.

We cannot but acknowledge that this is a question surrounded with many difficulties. Sir William Follett ruled, in the case of M'Naughten, as Baron Alderson has done in that of Pate—that, to excuse him, it will not be sufficient that he labored under partial insanity; that he had a morbid disposition of mind, which would not exist in a sane person. A French writer upon medical jurisprudence says: "The monomaniac lives under an influence which impels him to such and such an act, which may become irresistible. Let us hope that the jury, seeking justice in law, may examine the circumstances of the crime, and may appreciate the motives." We think that the English law has acted more wisely in anticipating the difficulty, by deciding that monomania or partial insanity shall be no excuse. We could show, by a great number of instances, what we have before adverted to, that almost all crimes are committed under monomaniacal influences; and if you do not punish one you cannot punish another. We only regret that medical men and lawyers, placed in such frequent collision upon these questions, should not come to an understanding as to the particular form of punishment. Whipping was some time back proposed as a mode of correction for a certain monomaniacal annoyance, become of late far too frequent, and it appears to present several advantages. It would humiliate a morbid vanity, or love of notoriety, more than any other infliction, and it would act as a counter-irritant to the excited organs of self-importance.

It is well known, that the kings, queens, bishops and apostles, to be met with in all large asylums, have no real belief in their own illusions, and the knowledge of this fact alone points out the method of cure. Many eminent authorities upon the subject, as Dr. Pritchard and others, do not believe in partial insanity; there cannot, they say, be a speck in an apple without the whole fruit becoming tainted. This is, to a certain extent, true, as far as the functions of the brain are concerned, but it scarcely applies to the legal part of the inquiry, which directs its attention to the simple fact, whether, at the time when the crime was committed, there was consciousness of the fact. Under

all and every circumstance, the law, which will only recognize irresponsibility where there is mania, imbecility, or idiocy, is still administered in this country with firmness, tempered by humanity, towards the criminal; and so much has been done in modern times in improving the different systems of treatment of criminals, that there can be little doubt but that when it is thoroughly understood that all classes of criminals (with the above-mentioned exceptions) are amenable to the laws: that while society will be saved by the certainty of such punishment from many painful and distressing occurrences, a treatment also more in accordance with the positive and well-attested condition of the criminals will be devised.

From the Ladies' Companion.

A DAY AND NIGHT AMONG THE HIGH ALPS.

Rising early on the morning of the 9th July, 18—, we undertook the formidable walk from the town of Aosta (*Augusta* of the Romans) to the Convent of the Great St. Bernard. We arrived at this snow-encompassed resting-place to an evening refreshment, but, the day being Friday, we could only be treated to fish and fruits. It would be difficult to determine whether the greetings of monks or dogs were the most affectionate; six of the latter came roaring out upon us at our approach to the convent, and not only almost spoke but actually shook hands with us.

We halted at the convent for the night, and with the earliest light of morning set off for the town of Orsières, from which place we date our fearful ascent and pass of the *Fenêtre de l'Œil*. Reaching Orsières at about one o'clock, P. M., we partook of a delicious repast of grilled chamois, *café au lait*, eggs, honey in the comb, fish, and butter—with forbidding-looking yet palatable bread, the whole wound up with a bottle of *clairette de Mont Blanc* and cigars. This ceremony completed, we procured a guide to conduct us over the mountain.

The distance to the village of Trient is about three leagues (fifteen miles) from Orsières, and in our route to the Valley of Chamouni it was necessary to touch at this village. This could only be effected by making the pass which became the scene of our adventures. Our *conducteur*, a chamois-chasseur, owned to a perfect acquaintance with the mountains as far as the range of his hunting extended: i. e., up to the *Fenêtre* or window, as it is figuratively termed, through which we were to climb in passing the top ridge of the mountain, prior to our descent into the Valley of Trient. But beyond this point our worthy hunter was as ignorant as ourselves. He was a robust mountaineer, swarthy and bearded to the eyes. As we were compelled to be the bearers of knapsacks (the track being too steep and rugged for a mule) it became a needful condition of the bargain that this worthy should relieve us of one of our burthens, thus enabling us, one to relieve the other—our party being now increased by the addition of a student of the University of Zurich, whose acquaintance we had made at the Convent of St. Bernard.

Leaving Orsières we commenced the ascent at half past two o'clock, P. M., four hours later than prudence would have dictated. It was thought well to have with us a supply of spirit; I filled my flagon with *esprit de cerise*, a liquor in flavor bearing a strong affinity to the spirit distilled from the

lees of cider, commonly used in some parts of the west of England. Thus supplied and each armed with a staff, we encountered our task; the *chamois-chasseur* carried a rifle and a telescope, through which latter instrument he could look out for game, or see at what points (if any) of our route the snows were dangerous.

We walked slowly up the first summit, in order to get into a good second breath. The sun shone down burningly upon us, and our thirst became extreme. Surmounting the first steep, an enchanting vale, with cows, goats, and mules browsing, opened itself before us; and a beautiful lake, as clear as the sky, reflected the scattered cots of a small village; while the inhabitants, equally picturesque and simple, stared upon us with wonder as we passed by. We rested for a short time at one of their rude habitations, and were regaled liberally with milk and boiled potatoes, (an article of food we had not met with in these parts before,) administered to us by a fine, smiling, black-eyed, nut-brown, young unmarried woman.

These mountain-cots are constructed of rough-hewn planks of pine, and are habitable only for the summer, being deserted upon the first snow-storm, and left to the mercy of the elements for the rest of the year.

Halting an hour, we moved forward for the accomplishment of our great task: our *conducteur* giving us frequent warning of the dangers of an ascent of the mountain, undertaken at so late an hour of the day. But it was of no avail; we resolved to proceed, and to fall back, if absolutely necessary, upon the hospitality of our buxom cowherdess. From this point, for about two miles, we walked over a swamp-forest of bulrushes, brush-pine, and large, loose boulders of rocks, and then again ascended over a wild and difficult tract of immense blocks of granite, pine-roots, and snow, almost perpendicular in some places, so much so, indeed, as to prevent our progressing at a faster rate than one mile in the hour; some thousand feet above this were the granite cliffs and snows, covering gorges and ravines of great depths, and dangerous, as being hollowed out by the torrent. We were now close upon the strongholds of the glacier and avalanche, among the primeval mountains. The cold here was intense, as compared to the broiling heat to which we had been exposed when beginning our ascent from the valley. A flannel cricket-jacket, which, instinctively I had brought from England, became a welcome and enviable possession.

We were now about a thousand feet from the *Fenêtre*, and, after a short halt and some slight refreshment, we proceeded, though at a slow pace. At this time a large body of clouds began to threaten us from below, and, careering far under us, rose majestically, or, rather, appeared to boil up from the deep valley, till we became thickly enveloped. This, together with the occasional slipping of glaciers, and their rolling and tumbling precipitately, in sound exactly resembling a continuous peal of thunder, made a phenomenon none the less sublime from the conviction that we might be in some danger—shut up among the clouds, and night not far distant. But we still held on. At a considerable height above this point again, the wind appeared to rise suddenly, making a noise among the rocks and cavities like a huge furnace boiling. The storm increased for a short time, blowing a positive hurricane. Then it moderated a little; snow fell fast, so as quickly to cover our tracks

and somewhat, perhaps, to raise our fears; but we still ascended, and were presently out of and above the storm, leaving the snow still falling beneath us.

Night was now rapidly approaching, and we had recourse to the flagon once again, and proceeded to crawl up this last stage to the top ridge of the mountain; we had not, however, passed the *Fenêtre*, ere it grew so dark as well nigh to dishearten us; it was absolutely necessary, however, that the descent, though ever so perilous, should be accomplished, since, upon our suggesting to our guide the propriety of halting here for the night, in place of attempting the passage downwards—which, as he averred, was broken with precipices—he comforted us by declaring that the greater danger would be to remain at this extreme height, on account of the frost and snow.

We therefore began to descend through the large granite boulders before us in pitch darkness, and with the additional discouragement of our conductor's ignorance of any actual track upon this side of the mountain. An additional frame, however, emboldened him to assert some ideas on the subject, and again we moved forward.

He distinctly knew, he said, that there was a *châlet*, although he could not certainly say whether it were now inhabited. Snow now once more began driving in our faces, and the denseness of the clouds and the darkness of the night, together with the difficulty of our descent, with precipices on either hand, rendered our situation anything but desirable. *Monsieur le Conducteur* kept urging us forward; and we were watchful to follow, as closely as cautious steps would permit, the voice of the mountaineer serving as our only guide. This, it may be believed, we never suffered to remain silent too long, though the sound but served by contrast to make the midnight silence of the desolate region yet more appalling.

The wind swept the snow round the boulders of granite, like splinters of glass in our faces, and as we had been wandering, we knew not where, since the setting in of darkness—and it was now close upon midnight—it became prudent to call a council of war. I proposed without much ceremony that our proceeding any further should be carried by vote; but our guide interposing with his warning that any bivouac here would be attended with imminent peril from snows, (which, as he asserted, drift suddenly, and overwhelm everything,) there was once more an unanimous movement.

After again descending some distance, our *conducteur* suddenly halted, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, vociferated several distinct and repeated times in the peculiarly wild mountain call used by these Alpine folk upon forlorn occasions like the present. It was, however, ineffectual; whereupon our friend suggested our calling in concert with him, which we did simultaneously by signal several times distinctly, pausing between each appeal to listen for a reply. A reply was returned, as we thought, and again we listened in breathless stillness for a repetition of the welcome sound; but the wind roared around the cliffs like the roaring sound of thunder, and the sweeping of the snow among the fragments of granite, and the rattling slip of glaciers, were the only response. Once more we called loudly, and again long and loudly—and yet again, when, at last, a cheering return was plainly and distinctly heard. We pressed forward, though the track was so full of

danger. It was still snowing, the wind continued strong, and the descent at this period of our adventure was very precipitous; but we followed each other as nearly in the same track as the darkness would permit, the chamois-chasseur always leading the way.

At this juncture my brother, who brought up the rear, slipped and fell heavily, and the loaded knapsack at his back aiding his fall, propelled him fearfully downwards: he rolled and fell, as we judged, from forty to fifty feet, and was stayed by a projecting rock from what must otherwise have been a dreadful death. I hurried to the spot and found him unable to rise, yet not seriously injured, although bruised and sick; after administering some solace to him from my flagon, we brought him up, and proceeded to move towards that point of our descent from which the gladdening call appeared so lately to have issued.

After about an hour's scrambling downwards, we found ourselves at the summit of a pointed ledge of cliffs that seemed to forbid further progress; here then we once more halted and called aloud. The reply was now distinct and instantaneous, and was in a few minutes succeeded by the cheering appearance of a body of blazing fire, apparently borne by some hand over a steep and irregular path; the scene here became so dramatic, and wildly picturesque, as to arrest all sense of danger. The light proceeded from a large cauldron of burning pine-logs, which the kind and hospitable hand that had brought it, placed upon the top of the cliffs to serve as a beacon to our feet. The fire flared in the faces of our party, the pallid hues of which were rendered none the less ashy and wan through the fatigue and the excitement of danger we had undergone; while the sternly-marked and bearded visage of the cowherd, prying curiously into our several faces, made up altogether a group of pretty strongly marked contrasts—the blazing of the wood, carried every way by the wind, at one moment lighting up the towering and pointed cliffs, above which the storm had deserted—anon flaring over the precipice and showing the horrible chasm upon the verge of which we had been wandering, and again through the mist shooting its lambent and irregular flame athwart a glacier which threatened from below with its peaks and ridges of ice.

The aid afforded by the hospitable mountaineer who rescued us that night, and the promptitude with which he responded to our call, and the care with which he marked our way, were the means of saving some if not all of us from destruction. He conducted us to his humble dwelling with earnest good-nature; congratulating us that our night-walk had not been taken the night before, "for," added he, "it is the first day this, that I have pastured upon the mountains, and last night there would have been no one here to offer even such fare as this."

The hut of our Alpine entertainer was constructed of large loose pieces of rock without mortar, and roofed with fragments of the same, having no window beyond a hole on one side, serving the double purpose of window and chimney.

Upon entering this outlandish tenement, we found one bed with one man asleep in it, his bed-fellow and brother having arisen to attend our summons; a fire of wasting embers glowed in the corner, before which a peaked rock protruded upwards, serving for a fender. The only portion of the furniture deserving notice were such implements

of husbandry as were required to serve the cows and milk them and cleanse their stalls. The milk-pails were beautifully clean and sweet, and there was a small inner room devoted to the dairy and its needful utensils.

Our good man placed upon the earth a pail of milk, and a large flat loaf of black bread; we begged him to warm the milk, whereupon he brought forward a boiler upon three legs, called in some parts of England "a crock;" in this at our suggestion he boiled a small quantity of water, and we made tea in a milkpail (we carried a stock of tea in our knapsacks;) we regaled ourselves upon this and the black bread most heartily, worn as we were with fatigue and hunger. Our fellow-tourist now, who was quite exhausted, took the place of our entertainers on their lowly couch, my brother stretching his length upon the earth, folded in his cloak, while the Zurich student and myself sat upon ledges of rock before the fire, carousing with our *conducteur* and the mountaineers. I had a pound of veritable *Porto Rico* in one side-pocket of my blouse, and a brace of loaded pistols in the other, and we smoked continuously through the remainder of the night, quaffing occasionally of some *esprit de cerise* and cold water; our Zurich friend, who was master of the French, Italian, and German languages as well as English, kept up an unintermitting conversation with the strangers. We thus finished the night, lounging rather than resting, and plying the herdsmen and our *conducteur* with tobacco. I never before felt shelter and refreshment so welcome. Pipe succeeded pipe, till morning began to break through the crannied sides of the *châlet*, through which the hollow wind and sweeping snow had favored us with their comforts during our short repose. We now rallied our forces and partook of some warm new milk and visited the cow stalls, when, having remunerated the mountaineers for their care and hospitality, we left our shelter. Under their instructions we descended a headlong path, which led us eventually, after a walk of two hours, into the *Val de Trient*, by the side of its stupendous glacier. At the *auberge* in this village we procured a capital and copious *déjeuner* of coffee, eggs, fish, chamois, honey and butter, and last, not least—which made me think of "Paradise Regained," none the less, because a remarkably pretty Swiss maiden attended to serve it.

Voices of the Night. LONGFELLOW. With Illustrations by a Lady.

A HANDSOME quarto volume, containing Longfellow's *Voices of the Night*, with outline illustrations by Mrs. Lee. In published designs by amateurs the question always arises, how far they may have been touched by professional assistants; we are always haunted by the recollection of Stedman's ludicrously bad illustrations to his *Surinam*, made celebrated by the adaptation which they anonymously received at the hands of Fuseli. In some cases a certain inventive power in the design may indicate a faculty too fundamental to depend on aid; but that is seldom the case. We must speak of Mrs. Lee's work conditionally; if it is her own, unaided, she is a very able and graceful artist. The style is something between that of Flaxman and Retzsch; without the power of either, especially the mastery of the German, but with much of the feeling in both.—*Spectator*.

From Tait's Magazine.

ELLEN LINN, THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

In a small and meanly furnished garret in one of the most densely peopled districts of London there sat an aged woman, the sole occupant of the apartment. It was a cold and cheerless winter afternoon, and she bent in silence over a handful of half-lighted cinders which were scraped together in a corner of the fireplace. The room contained but one bed, one chair, and a small round work-table of the plainest materials. A saucepan, an earthenware teapot without a handle, and two or three plates, stood on a shelf above the chimney; and from the solitary sky-light which pierced the roof nothing was visible but a few adjoining rooftops, which were thickly covered with newly-fallen snow.

The appearance of the inmate of this comfortless apartment indicated extreme poverty. Her dress was patched and tattered in many places; and as she sat cowering over the expiring embers of the fire, her frame seemed shrunk into half its natural dimensions. Muttering at times unintelligibly to herself, and fixing her listless eyes occasionally upon the door, she appeared to await with impatience the arrival of some one whom she expected to minister to her wants. The door was at length opened from without, and a young girl entered the room.

"What on airth has kept you, child?" she said in a chiding, querulous voice. "Maybe you stayed to talk to some ill-mannered sweetheart of yours, who would ave done better to let you come to *we*."

The reader must here be informed that the old woman always spoke of herself in the plural number, and, with the provincialism peculiar to some parts of England, always used *we* for *us*.

"Nay, mother," replied the new comer, "you know that I have no sweetheart to speak to now, since Tom has crossed the seas, and, indeed, I was not long gone; besides, I had to wait a bit at Mr. Jones' for the money, which he was too busy to give me for a long time, and then—hard griping skinflint that he is!—I had to wring from him the paltry pence that, God knows, I had well earned. But I have brought you some bread; see, here it is!"

"But ave you brought me some fire?" demanded the old woman crossly; "don't you know we is cold, and in want of it?"

"Dear grandmother, how could I! Mr. Jones refused to give me any money in advance for the half dozen of shirts I have yet to make, and you know we have nimpence to pay for the rent to-morrow, and so I had nothing to buy firing with, for I knew you wanted bread more; so, dear mother, go to bed, and here is my shawl to put over you." As the girl spoke she took off her shawl, and, by dint of much persuasion on her part, and notwithstanding much grumbling on that of her companion, the old woman at length suffered herself to be put to bed. She took some of the dry bread her granddaughter offered her, and, after some indistinct grumbling, in which the word "tea" was alone audible, she fell asleep.

Silently then did the girl draw forth her farthing candle, and, having placed it on the table, she sat down, and drew forth some linen, a brass thimble, and a pair of scissors. She had evidently intended to set to work at once; but, instead of doing so, she remained for some time as if in deep thought. The scene was very dreary. Daylight had not

quite fled, though it was too dark for the girl to see to work; and the dusk served to make the light of the candle seem still more miserable. For a moment she looked with longing gaze at the remaining portion of bread; but no! she could not touch that, it was for her grandmother next day; she did not want it—she had eaten some already *once* that day. It was bitterly cold; and she bethought her of putting some of the linen she held round her. She did so, and then she began to work; but it would not do. Suddenly letting her work fall from her hands, she smiled to herself, and drew from her bosom a dirty, crumpled letter, which she had read about a hundred times already, and the contents of which she knew almost by heart. The perusal of it seemed, however, to do her good; for after she had read it carefully over, kissed it a dozen times, and replaced it in the breast of her dress, she once more commenced to work. And this time the effort was successful; for she did not again leave off, but continued busily to ply her needle until long after midnight.

It needs but few words to make the reader acquainted with the previous history of the needlewoman and her grandmother to whom he has been introduced. That history offers no startling or romantic incidents. Ellen Linn, the needlewoman, had won the heart of honest Tom Cripps, to whom she had been engaged for some years. Ellen's mother had died giving her birth; and having lost her father soon afterwards, her grandmother, the Widow West, had brought her up. Mrs. West was not always the cross, grumbling old woman we have seen, and Ellen owed to her much happiness; and, until the last few years, when age, want and misery had changed her character, Ellen could not recall an unkind word or action on the part of her mother (as she almost always called her) towards her. Mrs. West, who, so long as strength permitted, earned sufficient to support herself and grandchild, sent her child daily to the National School in the village of —, kept by Mrs. Cripps, the mother of Ellen's lover, who was a schoolmistress far above the ordinary run; and Ellen being an apt scholar, soon read, wrote and spoke better than most girls of her station in life. But work was what she seemed to take most pleasure in; and her young life's dream used to be, that when grown up she would be able to work for herself and her parent. Poor child! did she guess what a task that would be?

Mrs. Cripps died when Ellen was just entering womanhood, and that was her first great grief; for after she had ceased to be a school child, she had still continued her intimacy with good Mrs. Cripps, whom she looked upon in the light of a second mother, or rather mother-in-law, as Tom used saucily to whisper in her ear, and then kiss away the blushes that his whisper would cause to rise in Ellen's cheeks.

Time passed on, but time did not improve the prospects of Tom Cripps and Ellen Linn. Labor was becoming very scarce; and Tom, an industrious laborer, found himself often for days together without the means of subsistence. He grew weary of waiting for better times to marry; and an offer being made him to go out to Australia, he accepted it.

He would work manfully till he got enough to send for Ellen, he said, as the sorrowing girl saw him about to leave her; and Ellen was comforted. Then they talked of the happy day when she should go out to him to become his wife. They were both very young, and could very well wait; and,

meantime, they were to write often to one another—in fact, as often as a vessel left and came; and so they parted. About a year later Mrs. West and Ellen removed to London.

Ellen's dream was now realized, and for some time she was very happy; for she found work to do, and thus paid in part the debt she owed to her grandmother for years of care and solicitude. But the aspect of affairs altered; her employer failed, she was thrown out of employment, and it was some time before she could procure work elsewhere.

A temporary cessation of work is a serious matter to those who have no other means of support to look to. Ellen, with all her after exertions, found it impossible to recover entirely the lost ground. In that time they had got into debt; and it seemed as if, from that moment, that they were destined to sink deeper and deeper into adversity. Ellen, at the time our tale opens, could only obtain employment at intervals, and then she was very badly paid. Step by step she was driven, with her aged grandmother, to the garret in which they have been introduced to the reader's notice.

We need scarcely add that the letter which we have seen Ellen Linn perusing with so much interest was an Australian one. Yes, Tom had been faithful to his promise, and had written as often as he could hear of a vessel homeward bound. This was his last letter, which Ellen had received some weeks before, and it contained much that made the trusting girl's heart light and happy; already, indeed, in thought, she was with her husband, administering to the comfort, and cheering the path, of the adventurous emigrant.

Cripps' letters had hitherto been rather discouraging than otherwise; for, like many other emigrants, he had imagined that almost on his first landing money would pour into his lap; and, not finding this to be the case, he felt much disappointment. Though he had been absent a considerable time (twenty years, to calculate according to Ellen's heart,) he had not been able to send over any money; but everything was now brightening around him, and in his next letter, which would follow very quickly, he would send them some money, not sufficient to bring Ellen out; but —, and here he proposed to her a plan for bringing her over to him, which was, that he had seen a great many girls who had been sent over by some good and charitable people—girls who at home were suffering poverty and famine, but who here were comfortably provided for, and many of them married and settled in life; that he believed the first thing to be done was for some gentleman of respectability to testify to her good character; and this he was sure Dr. Giles, of — village, who had known her all her life, would do, or the clergyman, Mr. Fishlock.

Ellen had accordingly written for this purpose to Dr. Giles, from whom, however, she had received no answer, and after some time had accidentally learned that he was dead. She then wrote to Mr. Fishlock, and was in daily expectation of receiving his answer. It was some time since she had sent her humble petition; and, though she said daily to herself that the rich could not be expected to answer her all in a minute, still she was naturally becoming very anxious to receive the letter, more especially as Tom had also suggested to her the possibility of her getting her grandmother, now fast entering her second childhood, into an almshouse; for, of course, the notion of

her going to Australia was out of the question. Respecting the possibility of obtaining this asylum for her, Ellen had also asked the clergyman; and the expectation of the two being thus shortly provided for had made her endure her daily toil and privation with the hope of a speedy release.

But it is a weary thing to wait day by day—to be ever on the watch; and Ellen's appearance soon changed, and in the place of the ruddy, hopeful face of youth, she became haggard and careworn. She was not handsome, she never had been—but she was always neat and clean in her attire, and her light blue eyes were soft and pleasing. It was a great trial, in addition to her others, the task of soothing her aged grandmother, who was daily complaining and scolding her. But she felt what she owed her, and considered her as a sacred charge that nothing could force her to relinquish. At times, too, the old woman would exhibit some of her former kindness, and praise and bless Ellen—her good child—her affectionate supporter. At such times Ellen felt repaid for all she had suffered, and her spirits would rise, and she would toil on with renewed vigor.

She had finished the half-dozen shirts, and had been paid for them. Mr. Jones had no more to give her, and she solicited work elsewhere. She obtained a dozen to make, but at even less remuneration than she had from Mr. Jones; from him she had received three shillings a dozen, and now her remuneration was reduced to two. Days of toil—nights of toil—work, work, work; and all for this miserable pittance!

The letter she had hoped to receive from Australia did not arrive, nor did the one she expected from Mr. Fishlock. In vain she sat watching for the first glimpse of the postman, as morning and evening he sped his rounds, unheeding the pain or joy he brought with him. Mechanically he rung at the rich man's door—mechanically he entered the hovel of the poor; but he marked not the expression of joy on some faces, nor that of sorrow on others, as he delivered his burthen to each. He was but the machine that moved the hearts of thousands.

The old woman became daily more feeble, and the means of prolonging life were now more difficult to obtain. Ellen felt her sight becoming affected, and she also felt, at times, intense pain in her head, and each day her hopes about hearing from Mr. Fishlock were becoming more and more faint. At length, she summoned up courage to apply to the parish in which she lived, for relief; but she was told she had no claim upon it, being a stranger, and that she must apply to the — institution. She did so; and thence she was sent to another, and another—obtaining relief from none, discouragement from all. And she would return home, from these fruitless expeditions, weary and disheartened; but, upon nearing her lonely garret, her heart would beat quick, and her color would rise, for hope would whisper to her that, perhaps, during her absence, a letter might have been brought; and she would enter, and she would look around for it in vain; and then she would seat herself mournfully at her task, and endeavor, by stealing some hours from repose, to make up for those she had lost in fruitless endeavors to obtain bread.

Near to the house in which she lived was a counting-house, belonging to a gentleman, who resided there with his family; for, in the quarter of the metropolis in which Ellen lived, there was a

miscellaneous collection of houses—the poor and the rich seemed to dwell there in a confused and, as if unsorted mass. Now, for some days back, when Ellen had, at the post hours, planted herself as usual, to watch for the postman, by the small casement, which commanded a view of the street, the girl had observed, on the opposite side, in the house alluded to, that, as the time drew near, the lady of the mansion would appear at the window as regularly as herself; and that as soon as the postman became visible she would quit the window, and be in readiness to receive him at the door; and Ellen saw that no letter was put into her hand. At length, she missed her; and she learned from the woman who washed there, and who was an inmate of the same house as the needle-woman, that the lady had an only son, and that when she had last heard of him he was in a distant country, very ill; that every day she was expecting to hear from him, and that, at last, her anxiety and suspense had brought an illness on herself.

Ellen felt deeply for her fellow-sufferer, and almost wondered that one so rich should not be exempt from suffering the same suspense she did, though from different causes. This incident tended to teach her resignation; and she would murmur to herself, that the high-born and the lowly were sisters of affliction!

One evening, towards the end of winter, there was a busy throng crowding into a shop of some pretension, though it was not a first-rate one by any means. Still it was pretty evident that business was not slack there; for all the hands seemed engaged, and it was with evident impatience that the master of the place seemed to listen to a young woman who was addressing him with much earnestness.

"I tell you, my good girl, it is impossible; we have no demand for ready-made articles. The last shirts you made I have still on hand; it is impossible, therefore, to give you any more work when it don't pay; you must seek elsewhere."

"Oh! but, Mr. Jones, I have tried, and can procure none; every place I am told that the market is overstocked, and that there are too many of my trade. Is there no work of any kind I can do for you?"

"I told you, *no*, girl; there is your answer. Don't you see you are keeping me here while the shop is full, and I am wanted? Go."

"I will, sir; but"—and a blush rose in her pale face, and a tear of pride moistened her eye—"can you give me something to buy some bread; I have not tasted any this day." It was the first time she had asked for alms, and she felt how much, indeed, she was reduced in life.

Mr. Jones answered roughly, in the negative, and again bade her go. Poor Ellen! she obeyed him; and who can tell what her feelings were on her solitary walk home?

If we were to measure time by our thoughts and feelings, how many years would we not often live in a few short moments! Sadly she retraced her steps, and wearily she ascended the stairs; but there, despite her former disappointment on similar occasions, the thoughts of the possibility of there being a letter, perhaps two, seemed to revive her. The hour for the postman was passed; he might have called during her absence; the long-expected, long-wished-for letters might be awaiting her. She undid the door, and her breath came and went. In imagination she saw two letters lying on the table; fond fancy made her for a moment believe

it was not a delusion. It was almost dark when she entered the room, but something white was visible on the little table. It must be a letter! She rushed to seize it, but no hard substance resisted her eager grasp; it was a bit of linen remaining from her last work!

"Have you brought *me* any food?" asked the old woman, in a weak, tremulous tone.

"No, mother."

"But you promised *me* some bread; why don't you keep your promises?"

"I had no money to buy any."

And the girl sat down in silence and despair. She sat until it was quite dark, and she heard the old woman murmuring some unconnected words, by which, however, Ellen could make out that her mind was dwelling on scenes of former days. And then, Ellen, too, thought of the past; and she sat and thought, and thought, and her brain seemed to reel, and she felt as if reason was quitting her. Still she sat on in that dark, dreary room, and long after her companion had ceased to speak, and had gone to sleep, she sat and thought; and she felt as if it would relieve her could she read once more Tom's last letter, but she had no candle, and then again she felt more and more how desolate, and weak, and hungry she was; but felt glad, withal, that she had that morning given, not to herself, but to her grandmother, the last morsel of bread that remained to her: *she* could not do without food, old and feeble as she was. Again she thought about what she should do for the next day, and the chance of a letter from Tom with money, crossed her mind, and this brought her back to ponder over her late cruel disappointment, until hope died within her. She longed to weep, but could not; and again she felt that acute pain in her head. She *could not* go to bed; she put her hands to her burning temple, and rocked herself to and fro; and she sat thus all through the weary hours of the night, and when day dawned it found the poor, starving needle-woman still in the same forlorn condition.

A few evenings before, as Ellen was watching as usual for the postman, she saw the lady who had been ill, and who had before been her companion in watching, make her first appearance for some time at her usual station, the window. She did not look unhappy, so thought Ellen, who seemed at once to guess that she had had a letter, for when the postman came the lady did not seem so very anxious as heretofore, and did not rush down to meet him as usual; but then the girl remembered that she must be too weak to go down the stairs; and then Ellen watched if there were a letter for her or no. It is wonderful how, when suffering ourselves, we become interested in those who suffer from similar causes, and our attention is often drawn from our own sorrows (though it may be only for a very short space) to dwell on those of others. Ellen saw the postman stop at the lady's door, and in a few seconds after, she could perceive a footman handing a letter on a silver salver to the lady, who, after she had read it, rose and left her station at the window, but Ellen could not tell whether or not its arrival had caused pain or pleasure.

On the day following the disappointment at Mr. Jones', Ellen, who was sitting without work, and thinking what she must next do, saw a carriage stop at the lady's house and a young man spring out of it; she then knew that the son had been restored to his mother, and she pictured to

herself the joyful meeting, and her heart throbbed as she thought of what *she* should feel if she were to meet her absent lover: and then she bitterly murmured to herself that he had forgotten her, that he would not even write to her, and the contrast between herself and her late companion in suspense, rose up strong before her, and she could sit no longer in that dreary room, but left her seat, determined to make some effort to procure food. She went to many a spot that day in search of work, but only met with refusals; and towards dusk, hungry and faint, she gave up all hope. Suddenly, she heard a beggar ask a passer-by for food. The thought flashed across her: she, too, must beg—by no other means could she procure food. She was starving. She stretched out her hand almost instinctively, and asked a lady who was passing to give her something, but the lady, heedless of her demand, pursued her way. At the same moment, she heard a voice saying to her, "It is a pity that such a fine-looking girl as you should be begging." She turned quickly round, not understanding the purport of the words; and, at the same moment, a gentleman, (at least he had the dress of one,) whispered something in her ear.

As if stung by a serpent, Ellen recoiled, and casting an indignant glance on the speaker, quickened her steps almost to a run, and had soon left the spot where she had made her first unsuccessful attempt at begging.

Ellen slackened not her speed until weakness compelled her to do so, and, even then, she seemed to fear lest danger was pursuing her, and she exerted her utmost strength to gain her home, but she felt that she must have food or perish. At this moment she perceived a throng of persons, with poverty too plainly stamped upon them, entering a small, dirty-looking shop; and she saw some females coming out of it, devoid of some article or other they wore on entering it, and then going into a shop, almost next door, and ask for gin! A cold shudder seized the starving girl; and she felt that, wretched as she was, and sunk in life, she was not degraded—that, abject as was her present situation, she had not forfeited her self-respect—that shame and infamy could not be coupled with her name.

She had no article of dress to dispose of. That had been an expedient she had long since resorted to. All her things were pledged, even her shawl, without the disposal of which she and her grandmother must long since have starved outright. There was nothing left to her now but her bonnet: quick as thought she disposed of it for as much as gave her and her parent *one* meal! Oh, this cannot go on! she murmured to herself; I must have a letter to-morrow.

With what agony of feeling did she watch next morning for a letter! She had not even work to beguile the time; nothing to draw away her thoughts from the misery of her condition. There was no letter; and Ellen did not venture that day to make any effort to procure employment; she felt so wholly discouraged that she thought to herself it would be no use to make the attempt; it would be followed with the same bitter result as had attended her former applications, and that day she could do without food, as she had often done before, and there was a little bread which she had saved from her meal last night, which would be sufficient for her grandmother next day; and she had a something over her which told her there would certainly be a letter that night.

Poor girl! often and bitter as had been her disappointments, she still basked in a delusive hope, for it was, indeed, a delusive hope. The day came to an end. Evening came, and with it the postman; but he came not to her—he passed by. He went his round, but he paused not at her threshold, he tapped not at her lonely garret-door. For the first time, amid all her trials, Ellen felt real despair that night; her hope, too often disappointed, was now entirely sunk. It had been chilled before, but it had not been quenched. It was so now. She hoped no more!

Next day, the old woman became very ill, and Ellen could not leave her for a moment. She had a fit, which greatly alarmed the girl, whose cry brought to her assistance a neighbor, the same who had gossiped with Ellen about the rich lady's son. She came and staid with Ellen until the old woman recovered; and then left her, promising Ellen to return in the evening, and enjoining her not to quit her mother a moment.

Bitter, indeed, were the girl's thoughts all that day, as she watched by her sleeping charge. What would become of her if anything happened to her grandmother! True, she had latterly been no companion to her, for the poor old creature had become quite imbecile. True, she had been a burden to her, but still was she not a tie which bound her to life—a something for which to toil—a something to tend, to watch, to love? And Ellen's heart seemed to warm towards her more than it had done for a long, long time. All the old woman's former kindness to the orphan child, her exertions to support her, even when age was creeping on, her anxious desire to have her sent to school, all rushed on Ellen's mind; and memory took her back to her native village, to her happy youth, to the first dawn of her love, to the day of her betrothal to him who had promised ever to love her, but who now had forgotten her, who wrote her not one word of comfort. Ay, though months had elapsed since she had written to tell him of her misery, time sufficient for his reply had passed away, but the reply came not. No, no, he had forgotten her! Mr. Fishlock had forgotten her. Her poor, sick, feeble grandmother was the only one that cared for her on earth. And Ellen watched her, and felt that she would give the world to prolong that poor decrepit creature's life.

The friendly neighbor now entered, and approached the bed. "Has she had another fit?" she asked.

"No," answered Ellen; "but how ill she looks! and she has not the strength of an infant!"

"Like enough, poor body, like enough; but though I'm no docther, I think that if she had some good nourishing food she'd come round," said the woman.

"Ah! but," said Ellen, mournfully, "I have not a penny to buy any, and, as you know, I can't get work. I myself hav'n't tasted food for two days, and then had only a piece of bread."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the neighbor, pityingly. "I wish that I could give you anything; but there's not a bit of bread in the house, nor a halfpenny to get any. But I tell ye what I'll do. I've some washin' at home to get finished for the lady as lives opposite; so I'll go home now, for I don't think its likely she'll (pointing to the old woman) 'ave another fit, and I'll sit up all night, as I've often done afore, and when I takes the things in the morning and gets paid (for they'r very reg'lar people,) I'll lend you a few pence;

for indeed I'm sorry for ye;" and the good woman brushed away something very like a tear from her eyes.

"God bless you!" said Ellen. "But could you not let me have anything to-night? It will be so many, many hours before my poor grandmother has any food."

"Food! aye, give we food!" feebly articulated the old woman, whom the last words had roused.

Ellen and the other woman both started, and the latter then whispered, "I can't give ye anything to-night, it's quite beyond my power; but don't talk, and maybe she'll drop off to sleep again, and won't feel the biting hunger, which, God knows, is hard enough to bear, specially for the old and sick; and I hope to-morrow to bring ye a bit to eat."

Ellen's heart died within her, but she did not say more—she knew it was useless; but as soon as the door closed upon the woman, she felt in truth and in reality the force of the expression, that hunger is indeed hard to bear; for she felt how weak *she* had become from want of food. Her head swam—*she knew what it was to starve!*

The kind-hearted neighbor was mistaken in supposing that the old woman would go to sleep again. She became feverish and excited, and she talked to herself incessantly; but it was in her usual incoherent manner, and in so low a tone that Ellen could not catch the words. But as night drew on, and the old woman worked herself up to a greater degree of agitation, her voice became louder, her strength appeared to increase, and Ellen began to think her reason was returning, for she spoke more collectedly and intelligibly. "Mary," she said, as if addressing her dead daughter, "did you give me your only child to take care of? Aye, did you! and how did she reward me? Starve!—let we starve, arter all the care we took of her! Do hear! we're hungry; and when we ask her food, do you know, she laughs! There! do ye hear her?" and she paused to listen.

"Dear, dear grandmother, it is only the rain you hear," said Ellen, soothingly, "and you shall soon have food; indeed, indeed you shall!"

"Hush, Mary, don't let them hear! they'd kill poor we if they could. And yet I cared for her as I did for ye, Mary; and I loved her, O, I loved her so! But she is ungrateful; she won't work; she's wishing for our death, she and Tom. Do ye know Tom? He's bad, or he would n't let poor we starve. Aye, starve! do ye hear?"

"Mother! mother!" cried the heart-broken girl, whom these reproaches almost maddened, "I can't get work; but you know I love you, and that I'm your own, own Ellen, that would die for you." And she sobbed aloud.

It was, in truth, a scene of misery. The night was very dark, the rain was falling fast, and was even entering the wretched garret through the window. One farthing candle, which the kind neighbors had left them, served to throw a glimmer of light over the apartment. In the bed lay the old woman, while by her side stood her weeping grand-daughter, watching the parent who had succored her in infancy, and listening to her unavailing cry for food.

Ellen's cup was full before, but now it overflowed. Human nature could bear no more; and as the old woman continued to ask for food, and demand why she gave her none, and yet said she loved her, Ellen could endure the scene no longer. Her sense and her reason seemed to leave her.

She ran from the room—she undid the street-door, and rushed into the open air. She had neither shawl nor bonnet, but she felt not the storm that beat upon her defenceless head. On, on she hurried, she knew not where; but one thought was uppermost—*she was starving!*—she, the protector of her early life, was calling to her for "Food! food! food!" and she had none to give her. It must be procured; but how, but where, she knew not. Unmindful of all, of everything, she slackened not her speed, she paused not on her way, but rushed wildly on—on, she knew not where.

There was a splendid oratorio that night at Exeter-hall. At its conclusion, a vast concourse of people issued from the building, but it rained so heavily that a number of them were glad to retreat back to the portico and remain under its friendly shelter.

Amongst the many that crowded under the portico was a gentleman dressed like a clergyman, who had for a moment advanced into the open air, but, having looked in vain for a cab, was glad to regain the shelter he had left. Scarcely had he done so before a bare-headed female, making her way rapidly through the crowd, advanced to him, and, seizing his arm, wildly exclaimed, "It is! it is he! I was not mistaken. For mercy's sake, Mr. Fishlock, follow me!" At the same moment she eagerly made an opening in the crowd and led the way, turning to look if he followed her.

It was, indeed, no easy matter to do so; and having with difficulty kept her in view, the gentleman endeavored to follow in her track. The speed at which she went made it a difficult matter to keep up with her, or rather keep the distance between them sufficiently limited to enable him to descry her figure as it flitted before him.

On such a night, most people would have declined the task of following the wretched suppliant; but Mr. Fishlock was a humane man. The piteous tones in which he had been addressed had filled him with compassion; and though he could not say to himself that he recognized the person who accosted him, he had some indistinct recollection of having seen her before, though he knew not where. At length the woman stopped before a house, the door of which she opened. Followed by Mr. Fishlock, she hurried up the stairs, until she stopped before a garret door, through the chinks of which a light faintly glimmered. She turned the handle of the door, and as a ray of light gleamed on her face, Mr. Fishlock, who had not before observed her closely, recognized in the emaciated face of the girl—Ellen Linn! He started, and a bitter pang of unavailing regret smote his heart.

He had been absent from home when Ellen's letter had arrived there, and being shortly expected by his family, they had not forwarded it to him. On his return he set about making the necessary inquiries and applications for Ellen; but whilst thus occupied he did not deem it necessary to write and tell her that he was so doing. He did not reflect that her letter had lain some time already at his house, and that she might be anxiously waiting for an answer. He was a benevolent and kind-hearted man, but, in common with many other amiable and well-intentioned people, he was of dilatory and procrastinating habits. He had deferred writing from day to day, even after he had applied for the admission of the widow into an alms-house and received a favorable reply. He had also made inquiries about Ellen's obtaining a

free passage to Australia, and had intended at once to write to her; but being obliged to go to London on business, in two or three days, he thought it better to see her herself upon the subject, as the short delay could not, he imagined, make any difference!

Had he, then, written one line to give her hope, it would have enabled her to bear up against her sufferings—it would have cheered her broken spirits; but now—

Ellen, as soon as she entered the room, exclaimed, "O, mother, here is Mr. Fishlock; you shall now have some food!" But as she approached her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell upon the bed. *The old woman was dead!*

"Ellen, my poor Ellen," said Mr. Fishlock, advancing hurriedly towards her. But he recoiled in horror, for he gazed upon an idiot.

Morning came, and with it the postman. He brought the long, long wished-for letter from Tom. But Ellen did not, as she would have done a day previously, rush out to seize it.

In vain Mr. Fishlock and those he had summoned to his assistance endeavored to make her conscious it was a letter from her lover. In vain, after he had opened it, Mr. Fishlock essayed to

make her understand its contents. It told that Tom had not forgotten her; but that, grieved to the heart by the sad account she had given in her last letter of their circumstances, he had toiled and toiled, until he had earned nearly sufficient to bring her over, and that his master, to whom he related his story, had advanced him what made up the sum he now sent; but that not wishing to write again until he could remit her the money, he had allowed two vessels to leave without sending a letter. In vain Mr. Fishlock tried to make her understand that Tom still loved her—she heard him not. In vain he showed her the money the faithful fellow had sent—she heeded not, she saw not.

To all their efforts to arouse a ray of intelligence in her they received no answer, save the fixed and vacant stare of helpless, hopeless idiocy!

Every effort was made to restore the unhappy girl to health and reason. Mr. Fishlock, stung with remorse at the fatal results of his tardiness and thoughtlessness, spared no expense, and neglected no means, by which even her partial recovery might be effected. But it was all in vain; hers was a hopeless case. To the day of her death she remained an idiot!

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT.—*Copyright in the Works of American Authors.*—Murray v. Bohn.—Murray v. Routledge.—Mr. Bacon moved, on behalf of Mr. J. Murray, that the defendant, Mr. H. G. Bohn, might be restrained from printing or publishing, and selling, the "Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveller," "A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," and "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus," and from printing or publishing, and selling, any other book or work of Washington Irving, the copyrights whereof are vested in or belong to the plaintiff, or any article, matter, or thing copied or taken from any of those works, the copyrights of which are vested in or belong to the plaintiff. The learned counsel stated that the defence, which it was understood would be set up was, that the writer of the works was an alien, and, on the authority of a case decided by the Court of Exchequer he could not claim any benefit of the copyright act, nor could any assignee for him. The object of the plaintiff was not to vex the defendant for an answer to the bill, and on his behalf it was offered that if the defendant would undertake to keep an account, in the mean time Mr. Murray would bring an action to try his legal rights, and the motion could then stand over until the result of the proceedings at law should be known. Mr. Russell, who appeared for Mr. Bohn, had no objection to keep the account, as in his ordinary course of business he must do so, but he did object to do so in any way from which it might be inferred that he admitted the plaintiff's title in any form whatever to the injunction he asked. Mr. Bohn would undertake to keep the account if it were stated that it was by his own consent, or rather on his own suggestion. Mr. Roundell Palmer, for Mr. Routledge, was willing to come into the same arrangement respecting that defendant. His honor said that the course proposed could be adopted, and it would be entirely without prejudice to any question between the parties. The point in dispute was a

very important one beyond all doubt, and one which some day must reach the House of Lords. It was impossible to say that the questions the case involved were settled. On Thursday the case of Murray v. Routledge, affecting the copyright of "Melville's Marquesas Islands," was brought forward. The plaintiff claimed the copyright, by purchase, of Mr. Herman Melville, of New York, of the work in question, which was first published in England by him in 1846, as well as "Omoo," in 1847. The plaintiff complained of a violation of his copyright by the publication of those works in "The Popular Library," by Mr. George Routledge, of Soho square. The case made by the defendant's affidavit was, that these works had been previously published before appearing in this country, and that as in Mr. Irving's case, the author was an alien at the time of that publication in this country, and was not domiciled in England. It was ultimately agreed that the case should stand over till after the trial in the case of Murray v. Bohn.

THE *Essex Herald* has a paragraph enough to bring tears into the eyes. "Mr. Circuit, a farmer at East Ham, has at the present time upwards of six hundred people—men, boys, and women—employed in pulling, carting, and peeling onions for pickling; and they will be thus engaged for two months. He pays wages to the amount of 200*l.* weekly, and the cost of each acre of onions averages 100*l.* This includes preparing the ground, seed, weeding, gathering, and peeling. Last year he sowed nearly a ton of onion-seed. The onions are pulled by women, by the rod, and skinned by the gallon. At this season he makes about 1,500 different payments daily, as the people employed receive their money three or four times a day."

THE fee of twopence on the admission of the public to St. Paul's Cathedral is abolished. The cathedral was thrown open on Wednesday last, and crowded with orderly and gratified visitors.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

BUILDING FOR THE SHOW OF INDUSTRY AND ART.—At a public meeting in Bakewell, Mr. Paxton gave some interesting explanations of the construction of his design of a building for the Show of Industry and Art in Hyde Park. The Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Burlington were present.

Mr. Paxton stated, that it was not till after the rise of the squabble in the newspapers about the site that he had turned any attention to the matter. When his attention was fixed on the subject, he resolved, without knowing anything of any other plan, or even obtaining a prospectus, to attempt something which he thought suitable for the occasion.

The building would be 2,100 feet long by 400 broad. The centre aisle would be 120 feet broad, or ten feet wider than the Conservatory at Chatsworth. So vast a structure as this must necessarily be made as simple as possible in its details, else it would be impossible to carry it out; therefore the glass and its iron supports comprise the whole structure. The columns are precisely the same throughout the building, and will fit every part; the same may be said of each of the bars; and every piece of glass will be of the same size, namely, four feet long. No numbering or marking will be required, and the whole will be put together like a perfect piece of machinery. The water is brought down valleys on the roof, and thence down the columns; the water in no instance has further than twelve feet to run before it is delivered into the valleys or gutters; and the whole is so constructed as to carry the rain-water outside, and the condensed water inside. The building is divided into broad and narrow compartments, and by tying these together there is little for the cross-ties of the centre to carry. It is entirely divided into twenty-four places—in short, everything runs to twenty-four, so that the work is made to square and fit, without any small detail being left to carry out. The number of columns fifteen feet long is 6,024; there are 3,000 gallery-bearers; 1,245 wrought-iron girders; forty-five miles of sash-bars; and 1,073,760 feet of glass to cover the whole. The site will stand upon upwards of twenty acres of ground; but by a special arrangement the available space which may be afforded by galleries can be extended to about thirty acres, if necessary. With regard to the ventilation and the rays of light, he would say that the former was a very peculiar part of the plan. The whole building, four feet round the bottom, will be filled with louver or "luffer" boards, so placed as to admit air but exclude rain. On the inside of that there will be a canvass to move up and down, and in very hot weather this may be watered and the interior kept cool. The top part of the centre building is put up almost entirely for the purposes of ventilation; and he thought it would be found that if he had erred at all in respect of the means of ventilation, there would be found too much rather than too little. By covering the greater part of the building with canvass, a gentle light will be thrown over the whole building; and the whole of the glass at the top of the northern side of the building will give a direct light to the interior. If more light be wanted, the means of affording it are provided.

The building will be covered in by the 1st of January next: he was as firmly persuaded that the

contract would be accomplished to the day, as he was certain that he then addressed that meeting.

The gallery of the building will be twenty-four feet wide, and will extend a distance of six miles. Now if, after the purposes of the exhibition are answered, it were thought desirable to let the building remain—and he sincerely hoped it would not be pulled down nor shipped to America—if they chose to let it remain, see to what a purpose it might be applied. There might be made an excellent carriage-drive round the interior, as well as a road for equestrians, with the centre tastefully laid out and planted; and then there would be nearly six miles of room in the galleries for a promenade for the public.

The Duke of Devonshire assured the meeting, that they might depend upon it there is no doubt of the success of this admirable plan; "for Mr. Paxton has never attempted anything which he has not succeeded in fully carrying out."

"But," said the duke, "great as my admiration of the project is, and greatly as I feel interested in the exhibition itself, my pleasure is much enhanced by the construction of that gigantic erection having devolved upon one to whose ability, whose exertions, whose services and friendship, I owe so much. The moment it was made known in London, all competition ceased, all difficulty was seen to be at an end; and every one is now looking forward to a successful termination of this great undertaking."

Mr. Paxton rose again, and observed, that simple as the details of the work might appear, people must not imagine that it was the invention of a dream—an Arabian night's entertainment.

It was the growth of a number of years of deep thought and practice; and unless the conservatory at Chatsworth had been first made, this would not have been erected. The experience he gathered in the erection of that building had not been lost upon the one about to be erected; which was a better design, in some respects, and constructed upon a more economical principle. Such a design, however, could not have been erected twenty-four years ago, on account of the cost of the glass, which would have been more than the whole cost of the proposed building. The erection of the conservatory was the principal cause of introducing this particular form of glass into this country. He was anxious, in order to avoid the collection of dirt, not to have a lap in the glass; and he went to the establishment of Chance, of Birmingham, where he met with a French and a Belgian manufacturer, whom he prevailed on to make the glass for the conservatory four feet long. They did so; and the introduction of it led the Birmingham manufacturers to prepare the same, and they now make the best of any country—a striking illustration, among many that might be given, of the benefits to be derived from the exhibition itself.

Mr. Barker, who seems to be a local owner of mines and a manufacturer, made an interesting speech in illustration of the benefits we have derived by admitting foreign competition: the fact is, we have more to gain than to lose by seeing the productions of foreigners.

The art of inlaying in marble was a striking illustration of the truth of this. It was practised to some extent in that neighborhood, and the execution of the work was far superior to the Florentine mosaic of that description. But the fertility and beauty of design among the Italians secured them

a ready sale for their works in this country, to the exclusion of the productions of Derbyshire. He exhibited a beautiful table of black marble, inlaid with flowers of various colors, the work of Mr. Woodruff, of Bakewell; and he showed, by some smaller specimens, the mode in which the inlaying is executed, and the extreme minuteness and accuracy with which the parts to be inlaid are fitted to the groundwork. Mr. Woodruff has asked for a design of some work which he desires to execute in a style worthy of the show next year; and he has no fear of being excelled by foreigners in execution. Mr. Barker pointed to some products of lead, and declared himself willing to explain their manufacture to foreigners. He had always found that those smelters and manufacturers of lead who kept their doors closed to their competitors in the trade were invariably surpassed by those who freely exchanged information at the same time that they carried on an honorable and vigorous spirit of emulation.

Lately, at the laboratory of the Ecoles des Mines in Paris, the chemical professors gave him the analyses of various metallic products, which he had never before seen analyzed; and with the utmost liberality they offered to submit to analysis all mineral substances which he would at any time send to them, and to furnish him with the results without any charge. Such an offer made him blush with shame to think that England, the richest country in the world in metals and minerals, was without any school of instruction in mining and metallurgy; while France, so comparatively poor in her metallic products, possessed the finest school in the world. He felt that, standing there with all his English associations and prejudices weighing upon him, he was not in so fit a condition to give an impartial judgment on the merits of this great exhibition as if he were on the Continent of Europe or in America among his Anglo-Saxon brethren. But if he might judge from what he had recently heard from enlightened foreigners of various nations, he should say, that this gathering of all nations was viewed by them as the grandest design which had ever been conceived by any nation in the world, and calculated to produce most important results, both in a social and commercial point of view, to the inhabitants of every country who may participate in it.

AN EMIGRATION LOTTERY.—A proposal has recently received the sanction of the French government, for shipping off five thousand Parisian emigrants to California, by means of the proceeds of a lottery for seven millions of francs. The details of this singular scheme, the consent of government to which is regarded with some surprise, show that the total number of prizes is seventy, representing an aggregate value of 1,200,000 francs. The principal prize is to be a gold ingot weighing about 130 kil., and worth 400,000 francs. The other prizes will be of the value of 200,000 francs, 100,000 francs, and in minor sums down to 5,000 francs. One franc is to be the amount of subscription, and each subscriber is to have an equal chance.

THE "Galway Vindicator" tells an extraordinary story about a woman who had been burnt by the potato blight! She was employed near Oranmore, weeding in a potato field, when she suddenly perceived a burning blast of air, which scorched and blackened her skin, even corroding the flesh, and all around her. She found that the potatoes were as suddenly blackened and destroyed.

LORD BROUGHAM AND RELIGIOUS DEPUTATIONS.—The *Scotsman*, in a review of the recently published "Life of Dr. Heugh, D. D.," makes the following extract from the doctor's diary, and appends a characteristic reminiscence:—

"London, 8th May, 1834—' * * * I have been much with public men, in pursuance of the great object of our mission; and I have just returned from the drollest, and most striking interview we are ever likely to have—a meeting in a private room in the Court of Chancery with Brougham, who retained his robes, (as he just left his seat on the bench,) but laid aside all ceremony of office. We were half an hour with him in incessant conversation, and I can give no idea of the interest connected with it. He went to the subject in a moment—told us Lord Grey and he had talked about it since the deputation were with him (Grey)—asked what we meant by a separation of church and state; but, without waiting for an answer, immediately gave us his views of the meaning of it, which were quite correct. He said, looking me keenly in the face, "But, you know, they say that the people who most need religious instruction are not over-fond of getting it, and that the voluntary principle will never do for them." I replied; when he went to the scriptural argument, to which I also replied. He then went over the "grievances" with a volubility and point which it would be difficult to describe.' London, 13th May. 'In the House of Lords last night the chancellor presented our petition. He did it ample justice—spoke forty minutes upon it—drew forth the Archbishop of Canterbury—and defended our petition against attack. Of course he does not approve of separation—so at least he says, and must say; but he is lying open to light.' "

It was either of this interview, or one very similar in circumstances, that we have heard a description, by another of the deputation, representing the proceedings of Lord Brougham as still more "droll" and "striking." His lordship, on coming out of the court to meet the deputation, immediately, on being informed of their object, burst out in a volley of exclamations to the effect that, but for dissent there would be "no vital religion—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." While pouring forth this in a most solemn tone, he was all the while shaking violently the locked doors of a lobby full of committee-rooms, into one of which he wished to find entrance, and calling for an absent official not only in passionate tones, but in phraseology which the reverend deputation, at first unwilling to trust their own ears, were at last forced to believe was nothing better than profane swearing. At last he suddenly drew himself up to the wall opposite a locked door, and with a tremendous kick smashed the lock, and entered, exclaiming, (first in a vehement and then in a solemn tone, but without pause,) "—that fellow! where the — does he always go to! No vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion—no, no, no."

On Sunday a monster train, conveying no less than 1,400 Parisians, paid a visit to the metropolis. Every cab and means of conveyance in the station of the South-Eastern Railway and vicinity proved inadequate, and a number of omnibuses were engaged to carry them to their destination in Leicester square. The hotels and lodging houses had not sufficient accommodation, and numbers had to be quartered in the Strand and vicinity.

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WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS